

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII., NO. 5182

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1901,

PRICE 2 CENTS

To Gain "INDEPENDENCE" you must have "GOLD COIN."

SECURE BOTH BY BUYING STOCK IN

THE COPPER ROCK GOLD MINING & MILLING CO.

Now selling at 20 cents per share par value \$1.00 and NON ASSESSABLE. The price will shortly be ADVANCED to 25 CENTS per share. The property is located 30 Miles Northwest of Denver in the COLORADO NORTHWESTERN R. R., comprising sixty (60) acres in an established and paying mineral belt. RAILROAD at the property giving cheapest and best transportation. Have A UNDRED FEET OF WATER for all mining and Milling purposes. MINER ENOUGH for the Mine for many years to come.

Ships 200 feet deep and is being sunk to 500 feet level as fast as possible and has been for over a year. The drifts already run have opened up good bodies of both Mining and Smelting Ore, running in values from \$4.20 to \$11.00 per ton in Gold, Silver and Copper.

Several of the stockholders, who were induced to buy stock by the Officers of the Company, recently visited the property and have given a strong letter endorsing same and all representations as made to them concerning the Enterprise.

Send in your order now before stock advances, as right to raise prices without notice is reserved.

GEO. F. HATHeway,

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

153 Milk Street, Boston.

OUR BEST MAINE CORN CUT TO 8c. CAN. 90c. DOZEN.

THIS CORN IS STRICTLY HIGH-GRADE
and is usually sold at 12c. to 15c.

We have several cars of CANNED GOODS
bought to arrive and make the above unusually
low price to close out what we have in stock be-
fore we receive the new goods.

Ames' Branch Butter Store, 35 CONGRESS ST.

Other stores:—Boston, Fitchburg, Quincy, Everett, Leominster, Attleboro, Gloucester, Clinton, Nashua, Newburyport, Woburn, Dover.

Co Parents

We announce our regular clearance sale of
boys' and children's suits for school wear,
including suits for boys of all ages from
four to sixteen.

The prices have been placed at \$1.85 and
\$2.85, or about one-half regular price.

Henry Peyser & Son.

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES

AT

A. P. WENDELL & CO.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

NOT POISONED.

Experts Examine Bullet Fired
By Czolgoz.

Trial Commences Today Before
The Supreme Court.

District Attorney Claims The Prisoner
Is Perfectly Sane.

BUFFALO, Sept. 22.—The most important development of the day in the Czolgoz case has been the announcement that no poison had been found on the bullet or in the revolver with which President McKinley was killed. Chemically and bacteriological examinations were made and both revealed the fact that both were free from poison. An other examination to determine the exact mental condition of the prisoner was made in the Erie county jail this afternoon by Dr. Carlos F. McDonald of New York, the alienist, who was brought here for the defense by the Erie County Bar association, and Arthur W. Hurd, superintendent of the Buffalo state hospital. The alienists were with the assassin for an hour and a half and when they left declined to discuss the case. District Attorney Penny and his entire staff spent all day Sunday at the city hall preparing for the trial, which will begin before Justice White in part three of the supreme court tomorrow morning. Mr. Penny had conferences with the alienists and with City Chemist Hobart M. Hills, who submitted his report upon the examination of the bullet and revolver. Although great secrecy was maintained at the district attorney's office it was learned this afternoon that Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, one of the most noted alienists in the United States and who was an expert witness at the trial of Giteau, is at Buffalo. Not a doubt as to Czolgoz sanity exists in the mind of District Attorney Penny, so that it is presumed that Dr. Hamilton is here to meet questions of insanity should the defense determine to make a strike on these grounds.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—A very impressive memorial service was held at Chase's Grand Opera house in this city this afternoon. An hour before the exercises began, every seat in the theatre, holding over 4000 people, was taken, and an overflow meeting on Fifteenth street was arranged for. Fully 5000 people stood in the street throughout the afternoon; listening to addresses in eulogy of the late President McKinley. Postmaster General Smith occupied a box and many prominent officials were in the audience. The exercises consisted of five-minute addresses by ministers of the different denominations in the city and music suitable for the occasion.

AGUINALDO FEARS ASSASSINATION.

MANILA, P. I., Sept. 22.—Since Aguinaldo left Gen. McArthur's house for his present place of confinement, he has never left the premises, although he has been at liberty to do so if accompanied by an officer. The reason assigned, is that he fears assassination at the hands of followers of the late General Luna.

INSURGENTS SURRENDER.

MANILA, P. I., Sep. 22.—Aguinaldo's guard, Albramilia, two captains, two lieutenants and twenty-nine men with twenty-eight rifles, surrendered about forty miles north of Baler, Island of Luzon, to Captain George A. Detchemendy of the 20th infantry yesterday. They took the oath and were released.

SPENT A QUIET DAY.

OTTAWA, Sept. 22.—The Duke and Duchess of York spent today at Rideau hall, resting, after a week of travel and receptions. They attended service at the cathedral 1st eleven o'clock and that was their only public appearance during the day.

BASE BALL.

The following was the result of the games played yesterday:

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
St. Louis 5, Brooklyn 3; at St. Louis.
Chicago 9, Pittsburgh 15; at Chicago.
Cincinnati 12, New York 0, first game;
Cincinnati 2, New York 10, second game; at Cincinnati.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—Forecast for New England: Fair Monday and Tuesday, slightly warmer along the coast. Light to fresh northwesterly winds diminishing.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The Marquette is due here the first of the week.

Work is being pushed on the big fer-ry Newport.

Lieut. Craven, U. S. N., has charge of the band.

Boat builders are scarce and will soon be in demand.

The big shed for the dry dock stone cutters is ready for use.

The decorations upon the main office building have been removed.

The torpedo boat Biddle will be hauled into the Franklin ship house.

Captain P. F. Herrington, U. S. N., has returned from Wilmington, Delo-ware.

It is understood that Commander J. V. B. Bleeker U. S. N., will be ordered here for duty when the Marquette goes out of commission.

Chief Inspector of granite, Timothy Sullivan is one of the busiest men on the yard and he is proving one of the most careful men on the staff of the civil engineers.

THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP.

John Mason closed at the Hollis theatre, Boston, in The Altar of Friendship, on Saturday evening, a grand comedy drama of English high life, and will probably be seen in this city this season. This play is under the direction of Jacob Litt. Viola Allen, in The Palace of the King takes the place of The Altar of Friendship at the Hollis.

A ONE-SIDED GAME.

The Christian Shore ball team was easily trounced by the Athletics at Maplewood park on Saturday afternoon. Walter Woods pitched for the winning team and had the opposing boys at his mercy, striking them out in one, two three order. Wilbur, the Greenland player, caught Woods in fine form.

Parsons also pitched an elegant game but had no support, wild throws being responsible for lots of runs. Good rich caught well. The score was 20 to 3. It was probably the last game of the season at the park.

AN IMMENSE WATER PLANT.

The citizens of Kittery are soon to have the finest water supply of any town in the state of Maine through the enterprise of Hon. Frank Jones. The immense plant which he has been at work on at Folly pond is about completed. He visited the spot on Sunday with a party of friends and found that the immense stone dams were about completed. The water system has been put in to give the Portsmouth navy yard just what it needs and what it must have in order to be made a first class station.

ORGANIZATION OF D. & E. R. R. COMPANY.

The Dover & Eliot Street Railway company has organized with these officers: Gov. John F. Hill, Maine, president; John Kivel, Dover, Clark; John F. Hill, George W. Vickery, Charles R. Hall, Augusta, Me; Nathaniel C. Hobbs; Samuel Moseley, Denio, Cushing, Alonzo M. Foss, Dover, directors. It is stated to be the intention of the company to commence building the road early in spring.

ANNUAL CLAMBAKE.

The members of the Portsmouth Yacht club held their annual clambake at Clark's Island Sunday, and it was enjoyed by a large crowd. The members and invited guests, went down in launches and sailboats and when the bake was opened there were fully a hundred down to it. On the return in one of the sailboats capsized owing to its being overloaded, but the crew, including the occupants of the boat, were not hurt but had to stand considerably to keep from the more fortunate.

TO PLEAD GUILTY.

Charles A. McCloud, the confessed murderer of Mrs. Sabine E. Waldron, agreed to plead guilty. This arrangement was made on Saturday with Hon. Horace Mitchell of Kittery Point, the latter thinks McCloud will keep his word. The case, it is expected, will be quickly disposed of this week.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. No longer put off treatment. Buy a bottle of Hood's today.

CAUGHT IN THE WEB.

Caught in the Web, which will play an engagement at Music hall next Friday evening, is a play that pleases pit, balcony and gallery. The story is that of a young detective who is placed on the trail of a dear friend accused of embezzlement. The nature of the plot affords many opportunities for stage effects, and they have been so developed as to be effectual portions of the evening's entertainment. After resting during a dangerous suspicion that threatens his undoing, the detective's friend is cleared, and the crime is fixed on the cashier of the bank which has been robbed. It is mainly because of the cashier's intrigues and schemes that the blame has rested on the innocent, and the unearthing of his villainy clears the horizon.

Dick Leonard, the detective, is a splendidly dream character. His manliness and straightforwardness lend an air which shows to good effect. Mike Fitzgerald, Irish and proud of it, and Chris Schoenhoffen, who can't agree with Mike, furnish lots of good comedy which keeps the audience in good humor from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The work of Miss Gertrude Norris as Edna Stanley is simply delightful. This lady lends to the character a charming personality, a cool, breezy, natural, light comedy vein, a simply irresistible, and which establishes her a firm favorite with the audience long before the end of Act I. Miss Norris' gowns are all imported, and are marvels of the dressmaker's art.

DER BAD BOY.

All roads will lead to Music Hall, Tuesday evening for the lovers of two, mirth and mirth, the attraction being Peck's Bad Boy. The cast includes some of last season's favorites with Miss Violet Hilson in the title role, Fred Weuzel as the German groceryman, and Miss Lillian May White, of whom too much cannot be said. Miss White, besides having a fine voice, dashing way, beautiful dresses, sings the latest songs of the day in a most captivating manner. The great Brindamour, the chief of wizards, knows more tricks that seem unexplainable to the eye of the uninitiated than any artist in his line. The Madison Brothers easily prove themselves the smartest boxers and bag punchers of their age. Don't miss this show.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sarsaparilla will cure ill kidneys. And, starting Tuesday, Oct. 1, at the Hippodrome, Pittsfield, Mass., Springfield, Mass., and Boston.

RUNAWAY.

A horse owned by Solomon Schurman, ran away on Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. The horse was left standing in front of Philbrick's Pharmacy on Congress street, hitched to a milk team, and in some way managed to slip his bridle and started on a dash up the street. He went along all right until he struck the front of the North church, where he left the wagon, milk cans and all. The horse was caught at the South end. No damage was done to the wagon with the exception of two broken shafts.

SPORTING NOTES.

A strong football team will probably be formed in this city for the coming season.

The Maplewood Athletic club is to

have a meeting this Monday evening

for the purpose of organizing a football team.

Portsmouth people are in hopes that

Ira Newick will make the Dartmouth

high school boys are a bit slow

in organizing a football team this year.

If they intend to have one they should

be practicing by this time.

The high school boys are a bit slow

in organizing a football team this year.

If they intend to have one they should

be practicing by this time.

At the police station on Sunday night

there were two occupants of the cell

room. One was for intoxication and

disturbance and the other was a lodger.

On Saturday evening there were two

lodgers and one drunk.

OBITUARY.

William H. Hall.

The death of William H. Hall of New

Castle, a well known rigger, occurred at

his home on Sunday. He was seventy-

eight years of age last July. He is sur-

vived by a wife, two sons and two

daughters.

Elizabeth Varrell Hatch.

At the home of her parents, Mr. and

Mrs. Thomas J. F. Varrell, Marey

street, on Sunday, Sept. 22d, occurred

the death of Elizabeth Varrell Hatch.

Deceased was about forty years of age

and had been ill for many months with

consumption. Three brothers and four

sisters, besides her parents, survive her.

Edward Foster.

Word was received here Sunday fore-

noon, of the death at the home of his

daughter in Newmarket, of Edward

Foster of this city. Foster left here on

Saturday noon, to visit his daughter in

Newmarket, Mrs. Bassett. He was

found in an unconscious condition along

side the road, near the cemetery, in

that town early Sunday morning and

was removed to his daughter's home,

where soon after he died. Deceased

was about sixty years of age and leaves

TESTIMONY OF HARBER

Texas' Executive Officer Before Schley
Court of Inquiry.

COALING SHIPS AT SEA.

The Witness Thinks the Weather Was Not Too Rough to Take on Coal on the Southern Coast of Cuba.

Washington, Sept. 21.—Admiral Dewey observed his usual rule of promptness in calling the Schley court of inquiry to order at 11 o'clock today. All the members of the court were present on the minute, and Admiral Schley sat with his counsel at the table set apart for them on the left of the witness seat. The attendance of the public was somewhat larger than on yesterday.

The first witness called was Captain Harber, executive officer of the Texas during the Spanish war.

The witness said that while lying off Cienfuegos, he, with others, had seen lights from the shore, which from their nature they took to be signals, but that no attention had been paid to them until the 24th, when the Marblehead had arrived and, he understood, had responded to the signals and communicated with those on shore.

He also said that the Texas had been in no great need of coal while lying off Cienfuegos, but that she could have taken more and would have been glad to get it. The Iowa had coal there, he said. The questions and replies on this point were as follows:

"Have you had any experience in coaling vessels in the waters of the West Indies or in that part of the world?"

"I have some experience shortly before while lying at Tortugas."

"If, as executive officer of the Texas, you had received instructions at that time, on the 26th, to coal ship, what would you have done?"

"I would have coaled ship probably."

"Was there anything in the conditions of weather or the sea then prevailing to have prevented the Texas from taking coal on the 26th?"

"On the evening of the 26th I do not think the sea was any heavier than existed when I successfully coaled ship at Tortugas, although the weather was a heavier vessel. I coaled ship in Tortugas with a considerable sea, the collier having only about 2,500 tons."

"Of course I can understand you don't go to sea to coal ship, but in an emergency you think you could have coaled the Texas on that day?"

"I believe we could have taken coal on the Texas; yes."

The Sail to Santiago.

Describing the sail to Santiago, the witness said there had been tough weather, but that the Texas could have made better time than it did. He said that when the squadron arrived in sight of the Yale and other American vessels off Santiago on the evening of May 25 all the vessels cleaned for action, thinking they were vessels of the enemy. When they discovered their mistake, Captain Philip had signaled Captain Wise of the Yale, saying, "Have you got them in there?" to which the reply was, "I think we have."

Relating the particulars of the return to Santiago after sailing for Key West, the witness said that coal had been taken on in the night of the 27th. When Captain Philip had been asked if the Texas could coal, he had replied, "We can try." The trial had been made, and the effort had proved successful, the witness said.

Captain Harber volunteered the statement that on May 27, before the new supply of coal was taken on the Texas, there were about 300 tons of the fuel on the vessel. He told of seeing the Colon inside the harbor at Santiago on the morning of May 29 and said it had remained there until June 1. The American fleet, he said, lay seven or eight miles from the mouth of the harbor at night and farther than that in the day time.

At this distance there was no difficulty in seeing the shore during the day time and on clear nights, but when the weather was bad it was difficult to see the shore in daytime and sometimes under those circumstances impossible to see it at night.

Asked concerning his knowledge of the Brooklyn's loop during the battle off Santiago, the witness said he did not see the loop made.

Captain Harber was then asked concerning the position of the Brooklyn relative to the Texas and to the other ships when he first saw her after the turn.

"The Brooklyn," he replied, "was on the port bow of the Texas, standing at an angle, I should say, approximating one-half point to the southward of the heading of the Texas. At that time the Oregon was just forging past us on the starboard side inshore. The Iowa was still farther inshore and pointing up, so that her bow overlapped our bow. At one time I knew that we fired across the stern of the Iowa."

Did Not Recall Signals.

"Where were the Spanish vessels with reference to the heading of the Texas?"

"The head of the line was then on our starboard bow, I should say approximately four points on the bow."

Asked if the Brooklyn had not, as the flagship, on May 24, signaled the Texas to go alongside the collier Merrimac and coal, he said he did not recall anything of the kind.

Mr. Rayner read the signal message as follows:

"Go alongside the collier and coal as rapidly as possible."

But no amount of pressing could bring the witness to say that he remembered the incident. He had, he said, had very little to do with the sig-

nals. The same replies practically were made in response to questions regarding other signals. Mr. Rayner quoted several of these. One transmitted from the Texas to the Brooklyn read, "On an afterthought the captain thinks it unsafe to put a collier between battleships."

Another from the Texas read: "I do not think it safe to collier. The two ships will surely crush her." Captain Harber replied that he remembered there was some talk of the collier, but he could not recall what it was.

Speaking of the signals observed off Cienfuegos, he said his supposition, as was that of other officers, was that they were between the Spanish forces.

Captain Harber also was questioned closely concerning the rate of speed of the fleet on the sail from Cienfuegos to Santiago on May 25.

He said the weather was fresh and the sea moderate, that it was hard for small vessels, but it was "nothing much." He thought the Texas had made from ten to twelve knots. Mr. Rayner had the witness read from the logs of the Massachusetts, the Iowa, the Brooklyn and other vessels concerning the weather at that time. Mr. Rayner read a report from Captain Higginson saying that the weather had been "rough and squally" on the 25th. Captain Harber stated that the report of Captain Higginson was not borne out by the logbook of his ship. "It does not correspond with the log," he said and he added that, having given his best recollection concerning the weather, he thought Mr. Rayner had an ulterior motive in his questions. Mr. Rayner declared that he had no such end in view.

"Then," said the witness, "I have given you my best recollection concerning the weather."

"That is what I want," responded the attorney.

"That is what I have given you," repeated the witness.

Captain Lundy objected to the examination of Captain Harber on the record of a ship which he had had no part in preparing. The court referred to consider the point.

Objection Sustained.

After an absence of ten minutes the court returned, announcing its decision sustaining the objection that the witness could not be examined upon the log of the Massachusetts.

Continuing his testimony, Captain Harber insisted that the weather on May 25th was not "rough."

Captain Harber maintained that it was his recollection that the fleet was farther out at night than in the day time. When his attention was called to a contrary statement by Admiral Higginson, the witness said that it was not material to him what any other man had said, that he had given his estimate and was in a concerned about the statements of others.

"Then you object to having your men say refreshed?" said Mr. Rayner.

"I said nothing of the kind," replied the witness. "I am here to give my testimony, and I object to being spoken to in the way you speak to me."

He also objected to Mr. Rayner's taking his finger at him, saying he construed it as a menace.

Mr. Rayner insisted that he meant to be entirely respectful and not to menace the witness.

Counsel questioned the witness concerning his estimate that at night the vessels of the fleet steamed eight miles to the eastward and seven miles to the westward of the mouth of the harbor. The point was sought to be made that to make this sad of sixteen miles would require greater speed than three knots an hour, which the witness had testified was made, but Captain Harber maintained his position, saying he had given his best impression. Some of the log entries he considered worthless as evidence.

Conflict of Opinion.

"Admiral Higginson," who preceded you on the stand," said Mr. Rayner, "testified that the blockade of Admiral Schley cruised nearer at night than day. Now, do you still maintain that you did not cruise nearer at night than during the day?"

"Certainly, I gave you my estimate."

"I just want to refresh your memory."

"It don't refresh my memory at all."

"It is not possible for you to be wrong?"

"I did not say anything about that. Certainly it is possible for me to be wrong. I want to state that I am here to answer questions pertaining to the testimony and not to have words made in that way as though I had made the assertions."

Mr. Rayner announced his cross examination closed, and the witness was re-examined by Mr. Hanna, assistant judge advocate.

Mr. Hanna asked whether it is preferable in times of urgency to make log entries of signals. The witness replied that was not practicable for the person who usually made such entries to put them down at that time. It was necessary to write them out later, he said, trusting to memory. He also stated that it was impossible for him to have had knowledge of signals from the Texas, as Captain Phillips usually managed the ship personally.

Coaling Ships at Sea.

"Is it?" asked Mr. Hanna, "a more critical matter to coal ship in the open with a battleship on either side than with a ship on only one side?"

"Doubtless," was the response.

Captain Parker here asked, "You did some coaling on the 27th and 28th of May?"

"On the night of the 27th and morning of the 28th."

"Did not, in the course of that coaling, the collier spring a leak because of a collision with the Texas?"

"You could not call it springing a leak. The plates were indented, and in the Texas a very little water came seeping through."

"So the sea at that time was bad

enough to cause these vessels to collide."

The inference, sir, is quite wrong. That was due to the float we put in between the vessels and did not notice that it was just abaft the armor belt. The float consisted of square timbers."

"That would have been worse in a worse sea, and it was bad enough in that sea?"

"Experience told it was not necessary to use that sort of thing."

"You did not have as much experience then in coaling as you have had since, did you?"

"With that sort of sea, yes, sir."

By the Court—What was the state of the sea when the Texas coaled on May 27 as compared with the state on the 26th?

"The weather was smoother, somewhat, I believe; more favorable."

This concluded Captain Harber's testimony, and he was excused.

Higginson Amends Statement.

Admiral Higginson then was recalled and questioned especially concerning his previous statement that the fleet was only two or three miles out from Santiago harbor. He modified his statement by saying that during the first portion of the blockade the fleet stood out further, probably five miles by day and four miles by night. He confessed, however, that after three years his memory was indistinct.

In reply to a question by Captain Parker the witness said that with 800 tons of coal aboard the Massachusetts could have steamed 2,500 miles or could have remained on blockade duty for about twelve days.

By Captain Parker—Then after twelve days out you would not have been able to get anywhere?

"No, we would not."

"Did the fleet after the 29th of May ever go off a distance of twenty-five miles?"

"I don't remember that it ever did."

"Then the story to that effect, by whomsoever told, could not be true?"

"I don't remember such an excursion, and if made the logbook should show the fact."

"Have you any memory that the fleet ever withdrew after that date a distance of more than six miles?"

"I have not."

By the Court—From the distance at which the blockade was maintained at night could you have seen any vessel attempting to leave Santiago under ordinary conditions of weather?

Admiral Higginson—I think it would have been difficult on account of the high land and the shadows under the land.

Admiral Higginson was then excused, and the court took recess for luncheon.

Commander Schroeder Testifies.

The first witness called after the recess was Commander Seaton Schroeder, now governor of the island of Guam, who during the Spanish war was executive officer of the battleship Massachusetts. His appearance created a slight stir of interest.

Commander Schroeder was questioned as to details of the entire campaign. He knew, he said, of no efforts to communicate with the shore while the flying squadron lay off Cienfuegos. He could give no details concerning the voyage from Cienfuegos to Santiago, having been on the sick list. On the first arrival off Santiago the fleet had, the witness said, been twenty miles to the south of the port. He did not know of his own knowledge why a westward movement had been undertaken after arriving at Santiago, nor did he know how far the fleet had traveled in that direction. He stated that upon the return to Santiago on May 28 he had sighted the Spanish ship Colon and that it lay 1,200 or 1,300 feet inside the harbor, the American fleet being six or seven miles out.

The witness stated in response to questions by Judge Advocate Lemly that the squadron remained out about six or seven miles, maintaining this distance during the day and keeping under way, countermarching eastward and westward at night. At one point they were nearer shore than at another, the ships describing an elongated ellipse in their maneuvers. The average distance out, however, was about the same at night as during the day.

Killed by Explosion.

Webster, Mass., Sept. 21.—While attending to his duties as superintendent of the Worcester and Southbridge Electric railway, which is being built, John J. Bowlen was killed by the premature explosion of a blast at Charlton. Mr. Bowlen was fifty-two years of age. His home was in Southbridge, where he leaves a widow. He was slated for the foreign office at the time of his death.

Counsel questioned the witness concerning his estimate that at night the vessels of the fleet steamed eight miles to the eastward and seven miles to the westward of the mouth of the harbor. The point was sought to be made that to make this sad of sixteen miles would require greater speed than three knots an hour, which the witness had testified was made, but Captain Harber maintained his position, saying he had given his best impression. Some of the log entries he considered worthless as evidence.

Conflict of Opinion.

"Admiral Higginson," who preceded you on the stand," said Mr. Rayner, "testified that the blockade of Admiral Schley cruised nearer at night than day. Now, do you still maintain that you did not cruise nearer at night than during the day?"

"Certainly, I gave you my estimate."

"I just want to refresh your memory."

"It don't refresh my memory at all."

"It is not possible for you to be wrong?"

"I did not say anything about that. Certainly it is possible for me to be wrong. I want to state that I am here to answer questions pertaining to the testimony and not to have words made in that way as though I had made the assertions."

Mr. Rayner announced his cross examination closed, and the witness was re-examined by Mr. Hanna, assistant judge advocate.

Mr. Hanna asked whether it is preferable in times of urgency to make log entries of signals. The witness replied that was not practicable for the person who usually made such entries to put them down at that time. It was necessary to write them out later, he said, trusting to memory. He also stated that it was impossible for him to have had knowledge of signals from the Texas, as Captain Phillips usually managed the ship personally.

Airbrakes Failed to Work.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 21.—By the collision of two sections of a train on the Northern Pacific line at Lake a number of persons were injured, one seriously. The cause assigned for the accident is the failure of airbrakes to work. An old man named Crankle of Grant's Pass, Ore., was the most seriously injured. He was brought to Yakima and given medical assistance as soon as possible.

Airbrakes Failed to Work.

Betheny, France, Sept. 21.—The czarina and President Loubet have just concluded a review of 140,000 troops on the plain of Betheny. The march passed from 10:45 a. m. till 1:10 p. m., terminating in a magnificent charge of 20,000 cavalry. The spectacle was intensely inspiring as the infantry went in line at the time. Eighteen petroleum cars were set on fire, and the express train was completely destroyed.

Tried to Kill Archduke.

London, Sept. 21.—A special dispatch received here today from Vienna says that Archduke Frederick, a cousin of Emperor Francis Joseph, was shot at by a poacher at his country seat in Hungary. The bullet traversed the sleeve of the archduke, but did not injure him.

Coal Review French Troops.

Betheny, France, Sept. 21.—The czarina and President Loubet have just concluded a review of 140,000 troops on the plain of Betheny. The march passed from 10:45 a. m. till 1:10 p. m., terminating in a magnificent charge of 20,000 cavalry. The spectacle was intensely inspiring as the infantry went in line at the time. Eighteen petroleum cars were set on fire, and the express train was completely destroyed.

Train Wrecked and Burned.

Bucharest, Romania, Sept. 21.—The express for Vienna collided at Palota with a petroleum train, killing eight persons and injuring nine. The petroleum train, which dashed into the rear of the express, was descending an incline at the time. Eighteen petroleum cars were set on fire, and

TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY

SOME LIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE TRUTHFUL CAMERA.

Simple Mechanism or Juggling With Perspective Brings Odd Results. The Man in the Bottle-Making a Fat Woman Thin.

The notion that the camera cannot lie has become one of the few fixed tenets of popular belief; but, while this opinion is true in the strictest interpretation of the phrase, yet the man behind the lens or he who has charge of the developing process can so manipulate the unsuspecting instrument or the equally innocent negative that were a camera endowed with the sense of perception it would never recognize its own handiwork.

Of late years trick photography and fake photographs have become distinct features of the photographer's art, and effects are easily produced which belie the subjects at which the camera is aimed. But the question naturally arises, How can this be done when the camera has to record the impression of things as they are? It is by juggling with the perspective or by simple mechanism only that these apparent phenomena in the photographic line are produced.

In the first place it is necessary to understand that there is a difference between trick photography and so-called "fake" photography. The term "fake" photography is applied to the transportation of subjects from the original background to a new one in which the person or group taken may never have been. It is "trick" photography which is the more interesting, as it calls for a certain amount of cleverness and ingenuity on the part of the operator.

One of the best examples of this sort of picture taking is the photographing of a person in a bottle. Now, of course no studio is possessed of a glass bottle large enough to hold a human being, and the dullest beholder must suspect a trick. The explanation, however, of the manner in which it is done is surprisingly simple.

In this instance a single plate is used. The subject to be taken in the bottle is first placed in front of a black background and taken with a carefully timed exposure of just enough duration to bring out the object distinctly. Then the empty bottle is placed against a dark background, and, after carefully adjusting the focus so that the object first taken may be well within the lines of the neck, bottom and sides of the bottle, a picture of this bottle is taken on the same plate at just twice the exposure of the first object photographed. When the plate is developed, the bottle naturally comes up first, with the first impression neatly inside, as it appears.

Some few years ago photographers were puzzled and members of the theatrical profession amused by the publication of a series of photographs of popular actresses who are noted for their ability to entertain large audiences. But in the pictures they were shown with sylphlike forms, although the productions were unmistakably photographic. At first it was claimed that the deception was caused by the employment of mirrors, but in reality it was merely taking advantage of one of the elementary laws of perspective.

A certain corpulent actress was posing for her picture in the studio of a theatrical publication. The photographer had placed her at a dressing table. But in order to create the illusion of a dressing room he found he would have to use a side piece. This he did and in choosing one took a screen on which was the lithograph of a weighty burlesque queen. Greatly to his surprise when the plate was developed the picture of the actress came out all right, but the woman on the poster was shown as having a tall and extremely thin figure. It then occurred to the experimenter that the camera had caught the refracted rays from the screen at a tangent, and the surface, being flat, consequently showed its horizontal lines considerably narrowed.

He then conceived the idea of reproducing in a similar manner the photographs of celebrities of ample girth which made a decided hit.

Another mystifying spectacle is that of a person or group shown twice on one plate. This is done by covering half the plate for the first exposure and then utilizing the unused half for a second picture while the first is kept carefully screened from the light. By the employment of mirrors, many queer effects may be introduced, but they are so easily made that they are resorted to on the slightest provocation.

The fake photograph is mainly the product of the exigencies of the modern illustrated daily and the general "cussedness" of celebrities when they ought to be together instead of staying far enough apart to be out of common focus. The fake photograph ought only to be used as a last resort, but they are so easily made that they are resorted to on the slightest provocation.

These photographs come into play mainly when group pictures are wanted, and the shears and pastepot go far to their making. For instance, suppose an ocean liner is to sail on which are booked a few senators, a duke, a party of jockeys and a popular actress. To get the picture of the pier and ship is an easy matter, but to be fortunate enough to obtain at the same time those of the well-known passengers is a different matter.

This difficulty is got around by the photographer first getting the picture of the surrounding as a background and then taking on separate plates those of such of the voyagers required of whom they happen not to have a photo in stock. After these are developed the pictures of the individuals are cut out, after first being reduced to the necessary size, pasted on the desired background, and the whole is reproduced, generally in half tone. In this way are taken the pictures of the high divers who are cleverly transposed to the top of photographs of high poles or spring boards. As may be inferred by this "unprofessional" method, a subject may be placed in any background.

Then there are the freak photographs, a combination of fortuitous circumstances for which the amateur is generally responsible. But that is another story.—*New York Mail and Express*.

Echoes of Bankruptcy.

The Bankrupt (sighing)—I still have my flowers. Fresh and sparkling in the morning sun, they'll still console me.

Sympathetic Friend—That's strange. They ought to remind you of your trouble.

The Bankrupt—Why?

Sympathetic Friend—Because, like your bills, they are all over due.—*New York Times*.

SHE MADE IT INTERESTING.

The Recruit of a Critic of Little May's Letter Writing.

One day the aunt for whom the fourteen-year-old was named and to whom most of her letters were written surprised the fourteen-year-old's mother by the following:

"Dear Edith," wrote the aunt, "I am much distressed over May's inability to write an interesting letter. Why is it? She has been corresponding with me regularly for some years now, and there is really no excuse for a girl of fourteen not writing a better letter. It is this the best she can do now, there's no hope for her later on, I'm afraid. Her letters are most uninteresting, and I'm both surprised and ashamed for her. Now, don't go telling her all this, of course. That would never do. But just see if you cannot contrive to let her know how she fails to make her letters interesting and then set about at once improving them. Never by look or word let her suspect that I criticised them. By the way, Edith, dear, did you decide to get the blue foulard or the gray crepe de chine?" etc.

Now, no sooner did "Edith, dear," read this than she, of course, went straight to the fourteen-year-old and gave it to her. "Right off the bat," as Charlie, the nineteen-year-old son and brother, would probably have put it. The aunt's letter, caution to keep silence and all, was duly read "at" the niece until she must have been a very much more stupid girl than she was not to realize the lack of interest in her own letters to bring all this about.

A few weeks later the mother received a second letter from Aunt May, and at its first words her hair rose. "In heaven's name," began the letter, "what does this mean about Charlie's marriage? May writes me that he is about to marry that dreadful blond that used to live on the block back of you and who afterward went on the stage and whom I'm sure you wouldn't allow any of the children to speak to, much less have anything to do with. Oh, my dear Edith, don't write and tell me that it's so—and yet I do, yet, to know all about it, and May's letter simply stated the facts and—"

The distraught mother rushed to the fourteen-year-old. "What possessed you to write this awful, dreadful, disgraceful lie to your Aunt May?" she gasped. "You know there's not a word of truth in it. Answer me—how dared you?"

The fourteen-year-old calmly took the letter, read it, returned it. "Do you know, Aunt May will ever say again that I can't write interesting letters?" she said, with a smile.—*New York Sun*.

FLORENCE AS A JOKER.

Two Pranks the Comedian Played on the Duke of Beaufort.

Through the elder Sothen Billy Flor once, the comedian, came to know the Duke of Beaufort, and they were excellent friends. Beaufort came to this country and was at the Gilsey House in New York a good while. Florence enlightened his stay by several jokes, which were the talk of the town at the time. He told the duke that he was not looking well. "You need violent exercise," said he. "Now, I was troubled as you are. I used to strip to my underclothing and, taking a heavy chain in my hands, would run about my rooms, raising and lowering the chain a hundred times without stopping. It had a grand effect."

Florence insisted upon this for several days and got the duke into a mind for trying it. One afternoon when several eminent persons were going to call on the duke, Florence persuaded him to try the great comedy. The duke undressed, and, sitting in a great chair, he elevated it above his head and began racing around the room. He was in a fine sweat, with his eyes bulging, his face red and his veins standing out. Florence went to the office, and when the eminent and dignified persons arrived he said to one of them he knew:

"Going up to see his grace?"

"Yes," said the man.

"Well," said Florence, "I've been up to see him, and I'm afraid he's touched in his head. He is leaping about his room, making strange noises and breaking the furniture. Come up and see him. I think he ought to be restrained. His family ought to be told."

The eminent and dignified persons accompanied Florence and, peeping through a crack in the door, saw an apparent maniac dashing round and round, with staring eyes and flushed face. Then Florence shut the door and took them away to tell what they had seen, beginning, "It's very sad about his grace," until an impression was general that the Duke of Beaufort had gone mad. A few days later Florence hid the duke's clothing and poked his head in at the door and said, "Hurry out; the hotel is afire!" The duke presently appeared in the hotel office in a nightgown, slippers and a tall hat, thus confirming the unfavorable impression of his intellects.

Man Knows Fear.

Prince Metternich was driving in Vienna one day during the congress of 1815 when the horses bolted, the carriage was overturned, and Metternich was thrown into the roadway. Finding he had no bones broken, he picked himself up and walked quietly away. The same evening he met the king of Naples, who had seen the accident.

"How horribly frightened you must have been," said the king.

"Not at all," answered Metternich. "It is no merit of mine, but I am constitutionally inaccessible to fear."

"It is as I thought," replied the king.

"You are a supernatural being."

Man and His Palate.

I suppose that every man's dream of married life is more or less mixed up with the idea of food—food that he can eat and can invite his friends to eat. The impossibilities of the chafing dish are innumerable. Try your best not to fall into a hopeless rut. Do dainty cooking. Then some time it may be that the fragrance of a perfect Welsh rabbit will bring to your mind the first budding of love as long as life and as deep as the grave. Men are queer creatures, aren't they?—Cynthia Westover Alden in *Success*.

Her Usual Remark.

"What did Mamie say when her father gave her that new gold watch?" asked one gladsome girl.

"Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time."—*Washington Star*.

A Used Up One.

Nubbs—He went into the editor's office like a roaring lion and came out like a postage stamp.

Bubbs—How was that?

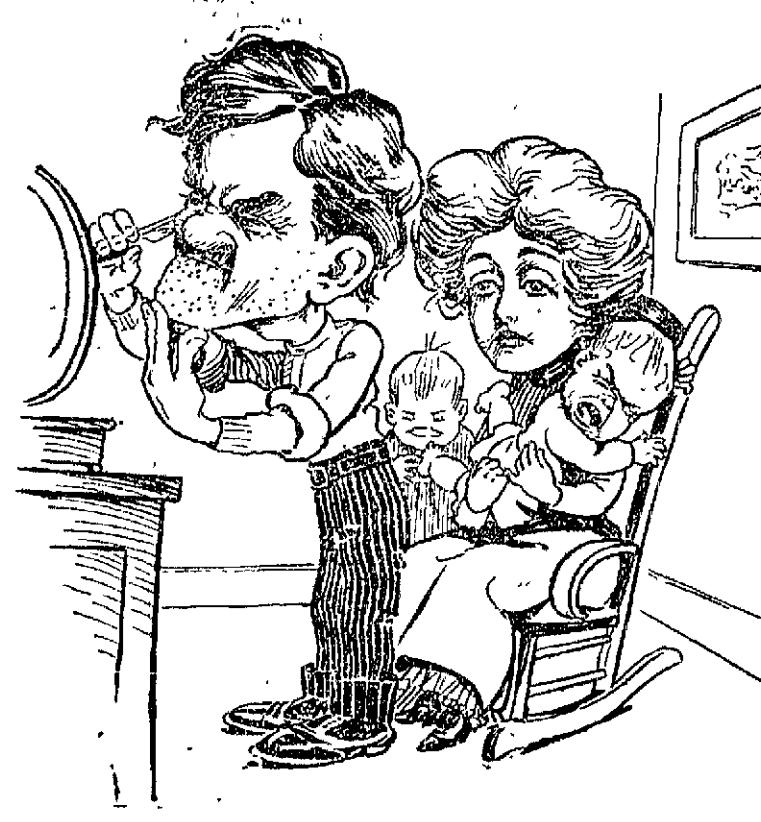
Nubbs—Licked.—*Detroit Free Press*.



SURE CURE.

Mrs. Jones—Doctor, my husband snores so loudly that I can't sleep. What and I better get for him?

Doctor Phil Graves—An ax.



A HOT COME-BACK.

Mr. Cutting Hintz (shaving)—You ought to be glad that you haven't been to bother you.

Mrs. Cutting Hintz—If I was a "Bearded Lady" I would make a better living for this family than you're making."

Piano Player—How's business?

Organ Grinder—Same old grind.



WANTED TO KNOW.

Soker—I never take a drink during business hours.

Toper—How long have you been out of work?

A Herald Ad. Will Boom Your Business. Try One

A Legend of the Snake Country

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a certain great old forest. You can't begin to guess how old the forest was and how for century after century in the very heart of it dwelt the snakes as its lords and masters.

In another part of the forest, miles and miles away from its heart, was a little cabin, where lived a hunter with his young wife and their little boy. He was a very little boy then, and his mother loved him very dearly. She sung to him through the day and crooned a cradle song to him at even, and the little boy was happy indeed in such love.

But winter came and sickness, and the mother flew away on the wings of the snow. And then the little boy was lonely, for his father loved only his gun and the game he would shoot and spent days and days in the forest, leaving the child alone, with no one to talk to, no one to sing to him, no one to caress him when he hurt his little hands in play.

So it happened that gradually he ceased to play. His heart ached for companionship, but there was no other child for miles to play with. Then he went into the forest and talked to the flowers and the grasses, and they understood, but could not help him. Then he talked to the trees, but they were too busy with the clouds to notice him. So then he sought a creek, but the creek seemed to answer him, and the little boy was happy indeed in such love.

One day he sat weeping in his accustomed place when who should come up but the snake doctor, hurrying to the snake country to cure a patient. He had wings with which to fly very swiftly, just as a doctor has his car to take him in a hurry to you or me. And in his flight the snake doctor saw the weeping child and paused "Ho, ho!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

But the boy only cried the more. "Ah, I see. You are lonely, with your father off in the woods. Well, what you want is company. Now, in my country we have plenty of it. It's the best time in the world for young people."

So the doctor talked on, fluttering his wings all the time as if he were going to fly away the next moment. The boy was so glad to have any one to talk to that he decided to have the doctor stay with him, and he cried out to him: "Will you take me there with you?"

Now, this surprised the snake doctor, and he answered:

"Faster, faster!" he cried.

"I have no feet to go faster," the snake made answer.

Just then they passed a fire of fagots, and the cruel man lifted the rope and hung the snake on the fire. Then out came its feet, and it clambered out of the fire in a trice.

"Now I have found your feet!" the man said. "Faster, faster!"

And they almost flew, so swiftly they went.

Soon they came to the borderland where the sentinels roared themselves like ruses.

"Let me pass unharmed or off comes the head of your brother," said the man.

And when they saw the lassoed snake, they let him pass. So they went on until they came to the king, and of him the father demanded his son. The boy came, with his two friends twined about him, but he refused to go back.

"You do not love me! You love only your hunting."

"Oh, my son! Come back!" the father begged.

"No," said the boy; "your gun is more your son than I. Let it serve you." And he turned and went back to the care of the rattlesnakes.

Sadly the father departed, holding the lassoed snake until he reached the borders, when he let it go.

After that he went about laughing to himself, seeing strange things and hearing uncanny sounds. He never saw his son again. But one day the son saw him as he played with his friends, hidden in an old skin. He laughed in his sport, and the father heard it and started up.

"It is only an echo from the hills mocking me!" he said. "I hear what is not, and what is I do not hear."

Then the boy went home with his friends, and from that day he put on the snakeskin forever.

"I will never leave you, my brothers," he said.

And if you met him today you could not tell him from a real snake. But he knows, and sometimes he leads his brothers away from men in his pity for them, and so he is the link of sympathy between snakes and man.—Edward Courtney in *Philadelphia Times*.

Holidays.

If Dorothy her wish would speak, She'd have her birthday every week. Just think! And when the year is through Her age would gain by fifty-two!

If Harriet could have her way, It would always be Christmas day. She wishes Santa Claus would come And make her chimney place his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice, The time when all the boys rejoice; But if that day were always here, We'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And merry old St. Valentine Would be the choice of Angelina. But, ah, I know that there were so The postmen all on strike would go!

So don't you think perhaps it's best For holidays as well to wait? And be on hand with joy and cheer Just once in all the great long year?

—St. Nicholas

dry grass from about the leaf, they read their king's mandate.

"Pass, little brother," they said and swayed their heads in greeting.

They went on through miles and miles of snakes until the boy beheld the wonderful king and all the strange things in that strange land. Then his friends took him to a great cave where the rattlesnakes lived, and there he remained.

After a long time his father suddenly bethought him that the boy might be able to help him in the hunt, and only then did he miss him. In vain he searched and asked the wild creatures, but although they knew they feared his gun and would not tell.

Then he asked the trees, but they had been too busy talking to the clouds to notice a little child. The father began to believe that the boy had been drowned in the creek, but when he questioned the creek, although she knew what had become of her friend, she was silent for his sake.

The father at last thought of the flowers and the grass

THE HERALD.

Formerly The Pearl & Post

NEWSPAPER

1884

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Terms \$1.00 a year, when paid in advance, 25 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

Advertisement should be addressed

THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Telephone 21-3.

F. W. HARTFORD,
B. M. TILTON,

Editors and Proprietors.

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H., Post Office
as second class mail matter.

For Portsmouth

and

Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news! Read the Herald.
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

MONDAY, SEPT. 23, 1901.

Czolgoz refuses to answer any question, which is another indication of his thorough schooling by his confederates.

No doubt a grand arch or monument to McKinley will arise, but his greater memorial will be in the hearts of his countrymen.

President Roosevelt was once prominently connected with the navy department, but was not among those who talked too much.

The innocent Chinese government will doubtless remarry, on resuming its functions in the Imperial City, "it looks as if there had been a glos here!"

President McKinley's work was founded upon a rock. The prosperity that came in with his administration is laid on board foundations, and will continue

An English judge says that in criminal practice in the United States there is "a straining of the law to defeat its own purpose." There is not a wild shot by any means.

Overcoats now creep timidly out of pawn, and the morning air makes the prudent suburban resident look to see if little Johnny has left the snow-shovel buried in the sand bank.

The Buffalo assasin will not have many postponements or appeals in his case. It is safe to make this prediction. Yet he will undoubtedly have a fair trial. All that can be urged in his defense by the keenest lawyer will undoubtedly be presented. Legal talents will be provided to take care of his interests. But the case will not be drawn out to any provoking lengths. All the most versatile lawyer can say in the defense of the assasin will not occupy much time. As a court spectacle Czolgoz's career will be short.

The solidarity and essential patriotism of the American people are shown as convincingly in their loyal support of the new president as in their loyal grief for the dead president. They are meeting Theodore Roosevelt with full confidence and with cordial support. They comprehend his burdens, they realize his sincere wish to serve them and they recognize that he is the head of the entire country rather than merely the representative of a dominate party. They are consciously and eagerly cooperating with him. Nothing could be more encouraging than the tenor of the comment through press and public men which has come up in the last week from every party and from every quarter of the land. It argues for the support that will be broad and generous and for an opposition that will be patriotic rather than capious. Again, a just before the Spanish war, it has been demonstrated that the United States is tenanted only by Americans.

A conservative, intelligent, progressive administration of the public affairs will be had. President Roosevelt is in harmony with the majority of his countrymen on the subject of expansion. He is with them on the Monroe policy. He favors the extension of the country's foreign trade in all reasonable ways. The trusts he would put under governmental control as far as this can be done without hampering their legitimate activities. The country may rely on having a safe and safe administration under President Roosevelt, as it had under President McKinley. Col. Roosevelt is a broad, thoroughly equipped and admirably balanced man. He knows the political issues on what may be called their literary side, and he is equally well acquainted with them in their practical aspect. There will be no rash experiments in the management of public affairs in his regime. While he is a profound student of history and politics, and has all the student's earnestness and enthusiasm in learning all the as-

pects in which great issues can assert themselves, he is as inhospitable to fads and crackeries as any man of education in the United States. He is courageous, public spirited and patriotic, a foot-to-the-trickster and shams of any sort, and an all-round American whom the country will love. During the service of Col. Roosevelt the United States will have a clean, safe, progressive and thoroughly American administration.

BOGUS RELATIVES.

Unidentified Dead Bodies a Source of Profit to Swindlers.

"There's all sorts of ways of making a living, and I've seen many queer things in this life," said an attache of the county hospital, "but the strangest of all is that of being a fake relative. Don't know what that is, hey? Well, neither did I until I came here, but it's a great gulf all the same, and it gets the money."

"We are continually receiving at the morgue here the bodies of unidentified men and women. Death is frequently the result of suicide or accident. In either case the newspapers print a pretty fair description of the remains, which is furnished by the morgue authorities in the hope that it will bring in some relative to identify the body and thus save the county expense."

"Then the 'fake relatives' get in their work. There is a lot of these harpies, but it is seldom they interfere with one another. They seem to recognize the right of pre-emption, and the first one on the scene is usually left free to work the claim. The 'fake relative' has studied the newspaper description so well that he can give a reasonably good word picture of the appearance of the dead person. He asserts that the body is that of a cousin or something of that sort and leaves with the avowed intention of making arrangements for the funeral as soon as the inquest is over."

"A day or so later a genuine relative shows up, and the faker makes it his business to be near at hand. He convinces the grieved mourner that he is a distant cousin and announces his intention of defraying all the expenses of the funeral, which is welcome news to the real relative. But he is a little short today, having given all his spare currency to the undertaker as a guarantee payment, and if the mourner would like to chip in \$5 or \$10 for flowers or carriages, why, it would be acceptable. Glad to get out of the heavy tax incident to burial, the real relative generally submits, and the faker disappears for a day or two, until the coast is clear for another operation of the same kind."

"Why don't the hospital authorities break up the practice? Well, there's lots of reasons. One is that those who are victimized rarely make complaint,"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Better be a clean hog than a filthy man.—"The Petrol."

"One of these days" is none of these days.—"A Handbook of Proverbs."

Woman first tempted man to eat. He took to drinking of his own accord.—"Four Hundred Laughs."

The true American is too honest to steal and too proud to beg, so he gets trusted.—"Four Hundred Laughs."

A truth fits every other truth in the world, but a lie fits nothing but some other lie made specially for it.—"A Samoan Hymn."

We are quite able, while hating sin, to pity and be charitable to the sinner when we happen to be the sinner concerned.—"Crankisms."

When a woman ceases to care how she looks, or a gentleman loses restraint in the presence of his servants, the end is not far off.—"Arrows of the Almighty."

Tell your husband, my dear lady, do exactly as you please, but always pretend that you do as he pleases. That is where your authority comes in.—"Her Royal Highness Woman."

It's funny, judge, ain't it, that there ain't only one sure winner, and that's the lawyer? If a man's got somethin', he's got to hire a lawyer to help him keep it.—"Stringtown on the Pike."

Dentistry and Good Health.

"I believe that the fact that dentists are able to make artificial teeth so closely resembling natural ones and the rapid improvement in the capacity of the dentist to repair faulty teeth has had a very great effect upon increasing the average length of human life," said a prominent dentist. "There is scarcely any one today who does not have some work done on his teeth. In former times—times not so very ancient, either—people allowed their teeth to decay until an artificial set was needed. Oftentimes people were very greatly weakened by the strain of the removal of the old teeth, and their lives were made very much shorter by the imperfect false teeth that it was necessary to use."

"Nowadays all is changed. A good dentist can keep a person's teeth in excellent condition. He can stop the decaying process and prevent the injurious effect upon the stomach that follows having bad teeth in the mouth. Modern dentistry has greatly assisted modern sanitation in lengthening men's lives."—New York Times.

Too Much Money In Steeples.

A church economist of a practical and somewhat eccentric turn of mind has estimated that nearly \$45,000,000 has been invested in nonproductive, non-sentimental and purely ornamental church buildings in this country, chiefly in the form of steeples. If this feature of ecclesiastical architecture were dispensed with, according to his estimate, and the amount represented in steeples alone turned into the regular channels of church beneficence, the religious denominations would be relieved for a long time to come from the necessity of making frequent and imperative demands for money for the support of their mission boards and other established agencies for promoting religious work.—Leslie's Weekly.

Practice Makes Perfect.

She—Ferdy, have you ever loved before?

He (unashamed)—Why, of course, dear, else could I now love you to perfection?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Views of El Reno.

When the men at the foot of the list go down to pick out their land, they can form some idea of what a woman gets when she is late at a bargain sale.—Atchison Globe.

SCHWAB AND LABOR UNIONS

In the Trust Magnate as Mean a Man as He Would Have Us Believe!

(Special Correspondence.)

There lie before me as I write a picture of Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel corporation, and some statements made by him about the labor unions and the workingmen. The following is what appears:

"The question of organized labor is not a question of wages. It is a question of more vital importance. It is a question of administration, of running your own works in your own way. I have nothing to do with labor organization, but if I was a workingman, and I was at one time, I would not belong to a labor organization. They put all men on the same level."

"If I was a bright, alert, competent man, I would not be put in the same class with the poorest man. Organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance."

I used "appears" advisedly in alluding to Mr. Schwab's statement because there is so much more in it than appears in the printed word. Interpreted according to its spirit, this is what Mr. Schwab says: "If I were in a shipwreck, I would rush for the lifeboat, and leave all the weaker men, women and children to look out for themselves."

"If I were in the lifeboat and I were bright, alert and competent, I would not consent to an equal division of the food; I would take what I wanted and let the weaker ones take what was left."

"If I was in a burning building, I would force my way out, even if in doing so I must trample on women and children and wet my feet in their hearts' blood."

This is the spirit of what Mr. Schwab says, and yet I cannot think he knows what manner of spirit he is of. It is an old saying that to the man wearing green spectacles everything looks green. To the man wearing commercial spectacles everything bears a commercial appearance. Not for a moment can I believe that Mr. Schwab would act, in case of a shipwreck or a fire, as is indicated by what he writes he would do as a workingman.

I imagine that his actions, translated into words, would be these: "I am bright, alert and competent. I am not a pig; I am a man. As such these men and women are my brothers and sisters. They may not be bright, alert and competent. All the more, then, they need me. I am now a cowardly end to seek my own safety and welfare regardless of my comrades in danger. My brightness, alertness and competence shall be used in their service. At least I can see that the strong ones among them do not forget that they are men and, like beasts, trample down the weak ones. If I were to save my life now, while there is hope of rescue, and leave those to perish whom I might help, the shame and regret of it would haunt me as long as I live."

Of course Mr. Schwab would not stop to reason this all out. Being "bright, alert and competent," as he says he is, he would act instantly, and, not having on his commercial glasses, he would act like "a man and a brother."

Nothing ever showed me the utter impudence of our present business condition so plainly as Mr. Schwab's opinion of the labor unions and the workingmen. General Sherman said, "War is hell." He might have added, "It makes devils of men." The saying is just as true of industrial war as of any other kind.

Whether or not it is true that "organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance," it seems to me quite true that organized labor must come to mean that before it can accomplish any permanent good. The Knights of Labor struck the same key when they said, "An injury to one is the concern of all." When the workingmen recognize their unity and recognize the truth that all the people should be workers, it will not be long until workingmen will be emancipated from wage slavery. All honor to every "bright, alert and competent" man who stays by his comrades and refuses to be advanced "unless all the others advance."

There is still room for heroism, for tenderness, for truth and bravery in this awful class struggle, however much such qualities may be derided as sentimental and unbusinesslike.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Denver, Colo.

TROTTER AND PACER.

Javelin, 208½, has a foal at foot by Star Pointer, 1.60%.

Martha Marshall is the only pacer that has won a heat from Dan Patch this year.

Harry Logan, 2:12½, pacer, who was very successful in early races, has been returned to California very lame.

John Nolan, 2:08, now an almost forgotten horse, is said to be going sound again. He broke a bone in his ankle last year.

A. Corbin, Jr., drove his mare Maggie R. a mile in public at the Gouverneur (N. Y.) track recently in 2:19%. She was paced by an automobile.

Jenny Mc, by McKinney, is the dam of the three year-old pacer Silver Coin, 2:10½, by Steamway, and she is the first producing daughter of McKinney.

Nancy Hanks, 2:04, is now in the great broad mare list, having produced Admiral Dewey, 2:13½, by Bingen, and Ralph Hanks, 2:27½, by Ralph Wilkes.

Harry Hamlin has given to the West Point Military academy the colt Autumn King, by Manbrino King, dam by Almont, Jr., and his name has been changed to Hamlin Cadet.—Turf, Field and Farm.

Too Much Money In Steeples.

A church economist of a practical and somewhat eccentric turn of mind has estimated that nearly \$45,000,000 has been invested in nonproductive, non-sentimental and purely ornamental church buildings in this country, chiefly in the form of steeples. If this feature of ecclesiastical architecture were dispensed with, according to his estimate, and the amount represented in steeples alone turned into the regular channels of church beneficence, the religious denominations would be relieved for a long time to come from the necessity of making frequent and imperative demands for money for the support of their mission boards and other established agencies for promoting religious work.—Leslie's Weekly.

Practice Makes Perfect.

She—Ferdy, have you ever loved before?

He (unashamed)—Why, of course, dear, else could I now love you to perfection?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Views of El Reno.

When the men at the foot of the list go down to pick out their land, they can form some idea of what a woman gets when she is late at a bargain sale.—Atchison Globe.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Young Phone Operator.

Virginia Pixley, 18 months old, daughter of William A. Pixley, knows how to use a telephone. She is believed to be the youngest long distance conversationalist in the world.

Virginia first had a dawning conception of the telephone four months ago when she discovered that by talking into the receiver she could negotiate with her father for candy while he was down town at his office. Mr. Pixley is one of the officials of the local telephone company.

The girls in the central office soon came to know who was wanted when a baby voice called over the phone, "I want my papa."

The most exacting duty of Virginia's nurse is to keep her away from the telephone which holds the telephone transmitter. She is able to recognize the voices of all the members of the family and to distinguish between them.

There seems to be something of heredity in the child's fondness for the



VIRGINIA AT THE PHONE.

instrument. She has mastered all the details of "calling up" and "ringing off" and is able to repeat the numbers of several telephones in the offices of friends of the family. From the time she was a few months old she watched her father with great interest whenever he used the phone.

As soon as she learned to lip a few words she seemed to know intuitively that if she spoke them into the transmitter there would be somebody at the other end who would hear and answer her.

The Bee and the Violet.

The following pretty fable is signed with a nom de plume, but the Junior likes to give credit where it is due. The author is Penelope Clarke:

One day a honey bee went buzzing by a little violet.

"Good morning, pretty violet. How are you?" buzzed the bee.

"Good morning to you," said the violet, blushing as bright as could be.

"What good are you to the world?" said the bee. "You do nothing but lie in the grass."

The violet said nothing, but listened quietly to the bee's complaint.

"Look how smart I am," said the bee. "I supply you with honey, but you do nothing at all. Learn at once to be of some use in the world."

"I am of use," said the violet.

THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE FROM A RACIAL POINT OF VIEW.

Racialists Do Little More Than Approximate Peculiarities - The American Face Is Not Distinctive in Any Sense of the Word.

Faces present many interesting studies," said an observant citizen who had scanned one of the comic papers, and I have been conducting a quiet autographic study with the human race as the basis. I have come to the conclusion that the American face is not distinctive in any sense of the word, or, it has any distinctive feature, it is in the fact that there is no strong characteristic that would differentiate it from other faces of superior races. There is nothing that will call it up in the mind of the world's group of Caucasian races. Yet this is not true of other white inbred races. The English face, the w face, the Irish face, the Italian face, the Chinese face, the Japanese face, the French face, the Indian face and even the negro face, all these have something about them which will call up a definite picture in one's mind.

"The English face is a trifle dim in the bud's eye, and yet one may think of the high forehead and the high cheek bones. The French face is distinctive. The Italian face, while not strongly portrayed in mind's picture, is yet definite enough. The Jew face is easily differentiated, and it may say the same of the Irish face. Emory may slightly mix for the moment the Chinese and the Japanese face, it is still the line of difference is clearly marked. There is the poor Indian, whose face one may never forget. The negro face is thoroughly distinctive.

"But what shall one say of the American face? Take this comic paper I have been scanning. And, by the way, there is one curious thing about the faces which one may find in comic papers, a thing which one may call a polite slur in caricaturing. The Jew face, the Irish face and the African face are the vortices with the men who grind out the alleged comic pictorial. They always make a clownish money grubber of the Jew, a representation as unjust as the old stage portrayal of Shylock or the Jew of Malta with his cap, his red fringe whiskers, his wig and his cringing.

They were equally unjust to Pat, Erin's son is nearly always a dither, with his pick, his pipe and his overalls, the only justice they do him is in preserving his inimitable wit. They fail so even so much for the Jew. In both cases the pictures show signs of having been made with the meat ax on the other's block, for they preserve nothing but the grotesque abnormalities of the two races. And the negro—well, he always hangs around the hen roost. "But these faces stand out merely as poor and not as serious portrayals of the civil characteristics of the races to which they belong. They are of course suggestive of certain peculiarities which are common to all members of the races presented. But they are horrible exaggerations, unjust and almost criminal exagerations, for it cannot be said that they are accepted with indifference by persons who are prejudiced one way or the other.

"But I was speaking of the American race, with its lack of distinctiveness," an observant citizen continued. "The American face is probably peculiar in many ways. It is peculiar in its cosmopolitanism. It is in one sense a composite face. It is international in one sense, for here and there one may find traces which suggest a relation to this, or that or the other race. It may be a tie or a ligament bequeathed by an English ancestry or something suggestive of Teutonic origin or a sharp suggestion of the Frenchman's face or the fisherman's or the Italian's or the Scotishman's or some slight hint which would lead one back through the flood and bars of the ages to the sterling old forefathers who lived in foreign countries and died under different flags and in different climes long before the Mayflower landed her bow against the soil of the new western world. Of course the American may be picked out in the crowd.

"But when one must deal with the American abstractly one can scarcely call up the American face. Uncle Sam, with his striped trousers, his sharply cut coat, his plug hat, his whiskers and his broad, good natured face, is a happy conception, yet he may never hope to portray the matchless and indescribable cosmopolitanism of the American face. It is too unique in its likenesses and unlikenesses. The lines and ligaments, the muscular interlacings, the curves and arches of the forehead are still there, and yet they are too delicately traced to be remembered when the face has passed to memory.

"So I have reached the conclusion after these reflections that the American face is not distinctive in the sense that he may call it up at any time and separate it from the faces which are associated with other superior races, among the home folk there are certain things which will enable one to call up a face which is probably distinctive in its Americanism, and yet it could not be accepted as the face which would correctly and adequately represent the whole race of Americans. For instance, there is what may be popularly called the Reuben face, the face which one may find in the rural sections of the United States, the face of the agriculturist and the armer. There is a certain type in the emigrant country sections which is probably peculiar to Uncle Sam's domain, and yet it would fall far short of representing the American face, just as far short as the grotesque portrayals referred to in connection with other races and other nationalities. It would only represent a small number of Americans, and while the type is thoroughly American and substantial enough in its representation, it would give no idea of the facial appearance of the vast majority of American citizens.

"Thus it would be with every other class, or one might take all the classes and make a composite picture, copying from each the characteristic that was most marked in its Americanism, and yet it would still lack that distinctiveness which would enable one to call it to mind as readily as one may call up the face of some representative of another race where the features are more strongly differentiated."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Life is too short to read the whole story, so don't criticize the book before you have read it.—Boston Transcript.

THE JOBBERNOWLS AND THE TORNADO GIANT

Copyright, 1899, by Caroline Wetherell.



"I am tired of Porto Rico! Here I do not care to stay!" French Marie would say each morning in her little Frenchy way. But the others laughed and waited in the hope of further sport. For, besides their funny circus, there was none of any sort. At the Jobbernowls in hammocks swung one sultry winter day. They heard an awful booming, a great grinding down the bay. On it came—a cloud of darkness—the tornado dark and grim, Tearing Jobbernowls and hammocks from the slender palm tree limb.



Oh, of course they all were frightened as they blindly whirled around, In the midst of clouds and dust streams, skimming swiftly o'er the ground. When their eyes got used to darkness and they righted up a bit, There they saw the old storm giant in his misty cavern pit. He had eyes like scraps of sunset, and his teeth were shaped like saws, And his mouth was like a furnace, and his hands were only claws. People knew the storm was coming o'er the waves along the shore, For he urged along his cyclone with a fierce and rumbling roar.



When the Jobbernowls beheld him in his dark and gloomy lair, All their limbs with terror rattled and the paint came off their hair. For the giant grinned with pleasure as he sought his cupboard strong, Taking down his copper kettle and a platter broad and long. Just as he prepared to eat them Ole gave an awful yell, While the giant roared and clattered on a hideous dinner bell. Then, unless the Roc, who'd lost them, had known more than you or I, The old giant would have feasted on a Jobbernowl potpie.

Manicuring a Lioness.

Lions and tigers when in their native jungles keep their claws at the proper length and in good condition by constant use and also by occasionally digging them into the bark of large trees, wearing away portions of them where they grow too long. When they are captured shut up in narrow cages, they cannot do this, and the result is that they often have ingrowing toe nails.

Alice, the blind lioness in the Central Park menagerie, New York, had six ingrowing toe nails cut off a short time ago. She is about twenty-five years old and has been blind for ten years. It took five keepers and two policemen to make Alice submit to having her claws cut. She had been lame and suffering from the ingrowing claws for a long time, and the operation was necessary. The men lowered a noose made of rope an inch thick from the top of the cage and, after catching Alice in the noose, drew her to the front of the bars. They tied her down firmly and caught her paws in nooses of smaller ropes. Even then she would at times pull all six men, who were holding the ropes, right up to the bars of the cage. An inch or more had to be cut off each of her nails. It hurt Alice a great deal, and she made a fearful fuss and howled until all the other lions joined in the chorus.

The double coating answers admirably, and the ship glides into the water quickly and easily. If it sticks, it is likely to spring some of the vessel's plates, and accidents of that kind are so costly that nothing is spared to avert them."

His Two Grandmas.

Johnnie and Amy are quarreling about their grandmothers. Johnnie says triumphantly, "I have two grandmas, and you have only one." Amy will not believe that any one can have two grandmothers and rejoins: "You want to fool me. How can there be two grandmothers for one little boy?" "I don't know," says Johnnie, "probably my grandmas are twins."

THE ACTORS' POSTOFFICE.

Schemers and All Outsiders Are Barred From Its Use.

Out of the thousands of professions that of the stage is probably the only one which can boast that a busy postoffice is maintained for its exclusive benefit. To those few laymen who know of this office's existence it is known as "the Actors' postoffice." To the members of the profession, for which it is intended, it is known far and wide as "The Mirror." No other letters but those intended for members of the theatrical profession are received at this postoffice, and a most rigid censorship is exercised. Outsiders and schemers who might try to use the office for their own purposes would fail at the outset, for their missives would be promptly sent to the general delivery.

The actors' postoffice was established many years ago in a corner of the office of The Dramatic Mirror, a newspaper devoted to the affairs of stage and screen. It has never been a very large office, but its business and importance to its clients have both increased to such an extent that it is now a recognized and necessary institution. It is also one of the busiest little offices in the United States, for nowadays no actor or actress troubles to give a private address. It is taken for granted that all correspondents know that the easiest and quickest method of sending a letter to a theatrical person is to send it to The Mirror office.

In this way the little office has become the clearing house for all theatrical correspondence. Most traveling theatrical companies furnish a printed route list, with the name of each town and the date at which each theater will be visited during the season, accompanied in each instance by the date. Thus the actor's friends know where and when to write to him at all times during the season. It happens sometimes that an acquaintance is not sure of the route, and this is where the little postoffice comes in. The letter is sent in care of The Mirror, which publishes each week a list of all letters received. These are held until called for or sent for. An actor who is playing in San Francisco, for example, will glance through the letter list and, finding his name there, will send a stamp to the postmistress, who will forward his letter to any place on his route, according to instructions.

If a theatrical manager wishes to communicate with an actor whose address he does not know, he sends the letter through The Mirror, feeling sure that it will reach him through that medium. Thus the little postmistress is kept busy, while many amusing incidents occur just outside her iron grating. She might tell some sad stories, too, if she were so minded, of letters that never came and humorous anecdotes of the pompous demeanor of some players who come to inquire for letters with as tragic a mien as though they were enacting a scene from "Hamlet." Pathetic is the daily recurring call of the actor who, in answer to an inquiry, has written to tell some manager "the lowest salary for which I shall play the part" and who hopes to be signed and returned. Each day he peers inquiringly through the grating, at first with easy self assurance, then more wistfully, as no reply is had. At last the poor fellow is forced to "consider silence a polite negative," and he retires crestfallen and disappointed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Two Good Whistlers.

A story is told by a certain well known bunter which illustrates the skill some gunners acquire in the use of the bird whistle. On this particular day in fall the birds had not been flying well, and the gunners, who had been out since early morning, were one by one leaving for their homes. On his way home over the marshes one of them was on the lookout for grass birds and when he beheld a flock of them about to alight he at once crouched down in the tall grass by the edge of a creek and began calling.

It happened that another gunner, who was about to give up his day's work, heard the sharp and repeated whistling of what he supposed were grass birds, and quickly reloading his gun, he too, picked up his whistle and began to call. First the man in the tall grass would whistle, then the man in the adjoining stand would answer, and this was kept up for a long time until it got so dark that had the birds flown past either gunner he could not have seen them.

Presently the gunner who was crouching in the tall grass ventured to rise and scan the marshes, when to his surprise and chagrin he saw the gunner in the stand do likewise. Neither wished to acknowledge that he had been deceived by the other's whistling, so they quickly disappeared in different directions without exchanging a word.

Spearing Muskats.

The most destructive mode of capturing the muskrat is by spearing. Four or five rods of iron three or four feet long are secured in a cross section frame of wood or iron, and their points are well sharpened, and with this the hunter approaches the rathouse as quietly as possible, as the inmates are constantly on the alert and if alarmed will quickly run down their spiral stairway and out into the leads. Stepping to the side of the house the hunter reaches up over it and plunges the spears down through it as far as he can push them. With a pick he pulls the house to pieces and frequently finds two or three muskrats, and sometimes more, impaled by the spears. This destructive method is, however, not looked upon with favor by the sportsmen, as it tends to drive the rats away from the more accessible parts of the marsh.

Lions' Passion For Luxury.

The tendency among the British middle classes is rather to live above their incomes than within them, says an Amsterdam newspaper. There is also a passion for luxury in London, and a desire to display, which seems a peculiarly stupid and useless desire in a huge city, where one seldom knows one's neighbors. And so, too, the cordial "not bad" dinners of a generation ago have given place to ceremonial champagne functions, in which a man out of dress clothes is out of place.

The Trouble With the Cake.

When a cake contains too much flour or has baked too fast, it will sink from the edges or rise up sharply with a crack in the middle. If cake has a coarse grain, it was not beaten enough or the oven was too slow.—Good Housekeeping.

Some men owe all they have in this world to others and some owe a lot more than they have.

There are friends who will stand by you to the last cent—your cent, not theirs.—Wasp.

GOIN' BERRYLIN' AIN'T SO BAD

By Frank Farrington—Picture by R. F. Outcault.



Goin' berrylin' ain't so bad
'F it keeps you out of school.
I rather tramp the berry patch
Than study double rule
Of three or some such foolish thing.
But, my, it makes me mad
When right in vacation time
Ma sings out or dad:
"Johnny, berries gettin' ripe.
Just take a pall 'n' chase
Yourself up 'cross the pasture lot
To that old 'oller' place

'N' pick enough to make some pies.
Why don't they send me out
Along the meadow brook to catch
A nice big mess of trout?
The ain't no sport in gettin' scratched
All up with berry briars.
Why don't a feller's pa 'n' ma
Know better what he d'sires?
Fish is jes' as good to eat
As any berry pie.
'F I go berrylin' any more
'N vacation, I'll know why.

DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

How a Brave Lad Won This Title During the War of Rebellion.

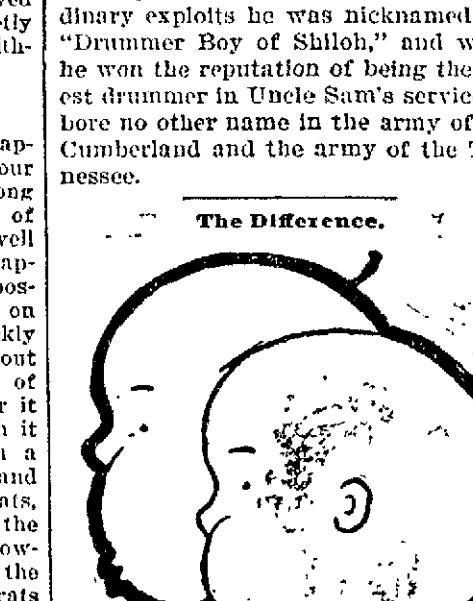
Recently at Marion, Ind., W. H. Merchon celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday anniversary, but if he lives as long as Methuselah he will still be the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," the brave boy who led the attack at that battle, saved his captain's life and captured a Confederate colonel. It all happened in about sixty seconds on the famous field of Shiloh, a fierce charge of the Thirtieth Indiana volunteer skirmishers on the flank of a rebel battery. Will Merchon was the drummer, detailed from the drum corps, and, rushing through a dense underbrush, came out a few feet ahead of his company. The boyish heart stood still as he found himself in the presence of a rebel colonel, who was on horseback reconnoitering the field. He instantly covered the boy with his revolver and commanded him to surrender. Merchon threw up his hands, showing he was unarmed.

At this instant Merchon's captain sprang from the thicket, and the Confederate, thinking the boy was weaponless, immediately covered the Federal officer, but as he made the movement Merchon drew a revolver from his hip pocket and got the drop on the colonel. It was a dramatic tableau, and the boys in blue, who at that moment swung into line, rolled on the ground and kicked up their heels in an ecstasy of delight as the youthful trumpeter ordered the gray headed officer to surrender. The crestfallen southerner obeyed, and the captain ordered him to the rear. The charge was continued and the battery captured, a lieutenant colonel, a major and the colonel being taken prisoners.

But Merchon received injuries that eventually put him on the veteran reserve corps, as, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a shell exploded on the ground on his right. He threw himself on his face and escaped being torn to pieces, though he was seriously injured on hip and spine.

That night as the soldiers gathered around the campfire the story was told of the plucky little bugler being a prisoner for half a minute and then saving his captain's life by capturing his captor. In honor of his extraordinary exploits he was nicknamed the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," and when he won the reputation of being the finest drummer in Uncle Sam's service he bore no other name in the army of the Cumberland and the army of the Tennessee.

The Difference.



We are twins, if you please,
As like as two peas,
And the way to tell one from the other
Is by my blond hair.

Long, silky and rare,
To me seems very queer,

While totally bald is my brother,
—Marvin Peake in "Chicago Record-Herald."

Would Do Better.

A little fellow six years old was showing a visitor his drawing book containing pictures labeled "a bird," "a horse," "These are my worst ones," he explained.

"Indeed," replied Mr. Smith, "and where are the others?" "I haven't drawed 'em yet," answered young hopeful.

An Inference.

The Professor—Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious living thing. In a month it will eat about 600 times its own weight.

Deaf Mrs. Ernest—Whose boy did you say he was?

This thought I might have given you
In one short rhyming verse,
And that would be the minimum,
Or, what would be much worse,

Through stanzas like a score—
My name I might let him
To tell the same, and, that, you see,
Would be the maximum.

ACT QUICKLY.

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Portsmouth.

Do the right thing at the right time. Act quickly in times of danger. Backache is kidney danger. Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly. Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills.

Plenty of evidence to prove this: Mr. A. A. Shea, of No. 2 Langdon street, says: "I had kidney trouble occasionally for two years or more. Whenever I contracted a cold or did any lifting bad spells came on me. I did not have much backache. It was the kidney secretions that distressed and annoyed me. While in pretty bad shape I was induced by testimony appearing in the papers to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial, and I went to Philbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin block and procured a box. After I stopped them I felt no inconvenience from urinary difficulty. The lameness had gone with it. I consider this a good recommendation for Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

OLIVER W. HAM,

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

AND

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

Constantly Increasing Sales Since 187

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR WOMEN IN THE PINE TREE STATE.

She Learns In a Tank—Women and Dreams—Gowns—For the Plaza—A Southern Girl Orator—The Topaz Reigns.

The governor of Maine is always an interesting personality, no matter who he may be. He is always a man who is nominated and elected for other in addition to political reasons. But the wife of the governor of Maine is a woman who is not often known outside of her immediate circle. The social functions of the governor of Maine are not numerous.

The wife of the present governor of Maine, Mrs. Hill, is, however, a woman who would grace any circle. She is a fine type of New England womanhood. Everybody in Maine is proud of her. The other day there was a great gath-



MRS. HILL.

ering of Maine people at Poland Spring. Governor Hill and his wife were there. The young generation of the old state was also there, but Mrs. Hill, it was remarked, was the most striking woman in the multitude. This was not alone because she is the wife of the governor of Maine, but because of her splendid womanhood. If Mrs. Hill made up her mind that she wanted her husband to go to the United States senate, she would doubtless succeed.—New York World.

She Learns In a Tank. This summer's girl will know how to swim if one may judge by the number of young women to be found in the Turkish bath tanks at unmercifully early hours in the morning, practicing fancy strokes or sometimes taking lessons from an attendant.

Oddly enough, these girls say they learn more quickly in the tanks than at regular swimming schools. At the schools most of the teachers use cork floats or trolley belts, and for some reason or other women fail to gain confidence while they have these artificial supports.

"I don't believe in the cork floats," said a Turkish bath attendant who numbers many New York women among her swimming pupils. "They give some aid in acquiring the proper movements, but they fail to give the learner confidence in herself at the very beginning. Once she has learned with a belt she must begin and learn all over again without it."

The best way is to learn in a tank before going into deep water at all. The very first lesson in swimming is to make the pupil confident. If she strikes out in a tank, she knows that if she goes under she has only to pick herself up again.

"Sometimes I have stretched a rope half way across the tank and have shown the learner that it is possible to reach it from the steps by pushing the foot back against the steps as one starts. Once this has been done successfully and the swimmer has caught the rope at the end of the drive she has learned an important lesson—that is, that the water will bear her up if the body is properly poised."

"Women learn to swim easily enough, but they are slow in acquiring style. They will not go slowly enough, and they never, or at least very rarely, understand the impetus that sends the body along through the water. They depend too much on the hands and legs. But style in swimming means much besides being graceful, for it indicates courage, coolness, self-confidence and a thorough enjoyment of the exercise."

"Women soon learn to use their arms gracefully, but their leg movements are wild and terrible. To cure this I have often had swimmers hold on to the side rail of the tank and practice the leg stroke only. Sometimes I take the pupil's feet in my hands and move the limbs automatically in the proper time, counting for each movement. After guiding the pupil in this way she will count as she swims alone and finally masters the motion."

The Topaz Reigns. Last winter the fashionable woman who could not possess a pearl or two in her jewel box felt that all the world stood awry. Every woman she knew wore pearls set in some form or other, and during the craze diamonds for a time lost their prestige.

Now jewelers are polishing up and setting their supply of topazes, for the time seems ripe for a reappearance of the golden stone. Topazes must be set with amethysts and sapphires to give the good effect of contrasts. Sapphires more particularly will be favored, so nearly does the blue match the glowing purple of the flower.

The jeweler's windows show topazes wonderfully set in ornaments of damasked curved tortoiseshell, combs fringed out as fine as lace-work and sprinkled everywhere with topazes in every shade, from pale straw color to deepest yellow.

Tortoiseshell is the chosen setting for the new favorite, and besides the fancy combs wonderful bracelets are being made of the richly colored shell. Beaded bracelets or bangles are these new ornaments, but old fashioned arm-

mamy, if their sleep has been broken by unusual visitors they set up volume as soon as their eyes are opened and look for an explanation. Misfortune is foretold by it, the after knowledge assumes a truth she is far from feeling. "I don't care," she says to herself by way of bolstering up her courage. "I'm not superstitious, anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But she's nervous just the same for days, until other troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering and shaking for days after in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dreambook on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck became connected in her mind, but nevertheless, after she has had a visitant of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions sore. She doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream. She doesn't call herself superstitious—of course, no woman does, not even the one who won't walk under a ladder—but her friends do and make light of her until she exposes some fetch of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gowns For the Plaza.

In making a choice of summer models for plaza gowns one has every right to lay a claim to the chief d'oeuvre of the couturiere's art. The freedom of a choice like this means a great deal to the summer girl. Never before has summer finery seemed quite so seductive. Can the athletic girl forego the temptation and content herself with a half dozen or more duck-skirts and a score of spick and span short waists this summer while her more coquettish sister revels in these bewitching confections? One is confronted with an embarrassment of choice among styles this season. The singular woman may favor the flounced and tucked skirt and claim all that she desires in front front effects. The all too plump woman may have the upper part of her skirt made on glove fitting principles and reverse all of the adornment of the lower part. In matters of sleeve and corsage the same expensive rule holds good. After all, to strive for becomingness is the duty that lies nearest, says the Montreal Star.

We are simply dazed by the quantity, the bewitching quality of the quantity, of gauzy summer fabrics. A great many of our old, tried and trusted are with us again, but boast enough change in their warp and weft to entitle a little change in the termination of their names. Gauzine claims a bit more standing than gauze. Muline for the same reason is superior to mail.

Organic again claims recognition. It boasts designs as delicate as the most exquisite seen on the hand painted gauzes and is a delightful material to make up for plaza gowns.

A Southern Girl Orator.

One of the most notable events of the recent state convention of United Confederate Veterans at Columbia, S. C., was the address of welcome delivered at the opening session in Columbia theater by Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin, a Georgia girl, but not a resident of Columbia. The theater was packed with an audience of not less than 2,000 people, largely old soldiers, and on the stage were such famous soldiers as Generals Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon. After several other speeches had been made Miss Lumpkin, a young woman dressed in white and with roses in her hair, was introduced as a Georgia girl now living here, who would welcome the visitors to her adopted home."

The oration which followed took the house by storm. An eyewitness relates that the chief Justice of South Carolina, who was present, sat with tears streaming down his face during the pathetic parts of the address. "I cannot thank you enough for coming, you Georgia," said Miss Lumpkin at one point in her speech. "They call me a 'Georgia cracker,' but Little do they know how proud I am of the title. Give me a horse and the knowledge that I am a 'Georgia cracker' and I'll ride the world down for you." The south has long been noted as the home of great orators, but until now all such have been members of the speaker's sex. In Miss Lumpkin, however, there is an instance of a daughter of the south who seems as richly endowed with the oratorical gift as any of the sons have ever been.—Leslie's Weekly.

The New "Economy" Trick. It is a wise husband who gives his wife only new bills, fresh from the bank. There are many wives who are always kept in fresh bills, and perhaps no one has surmised that there was method in this. It is a woman who has given the man away at last.

"I spend twice as much money when I have old bills as when I have new," she says. "I simply hate those dirty old bills. I can't bear to have them in my purse, and I take the first opportunity to get rid of them. When I have new money, it is so crisp and clean that it is a pleasure in itself, and I think twice before I buy anything which will take it away from me."

Sarah's Accomplishments.

Sarah Bernhardt's accomplishments are so numerous and varied that one is quite bewildered at so much talent in an individual. But, then, there is only one Sarah on this little planet. She is a painter and sculptor of merit. At the exhibition of 1900 one of her most pathetic pieces of sculpture was called "Apres le Temps." She has written several plays, which have been brought out in Paris, and is also the author of a variety of books, including novels. When at her country house at Belle Isle, in Brittany, she is found fishing and boating when she is not playing tennis or cycling.

The Turquoise. The turquoise just now is enjoying an amount of popularity. Those who cannot afford the real stone buy imitations. They are worn in the hair, at the throat or waist and sometimes on the black patent leather slippers. Lace is studded with the small turquoise, and well, no, we have not yet begun to fill our teeth with them.

The Turquoise. The turquoise just now is enjoying an amount of popularity. Those who cannot afford the real stone buy imitations. They are worn in the hair, at the throat or waist and sometimes on the black patent leather slippers. Lace is studded with the small turquoise, and well, no, we have not yet begun to fill our teeth with them.

With a credulity worthy a negro

that clasp the white members of the elbows.

Won Job and Husband.

When the proprietors of drug stores began to employ women prescription clerks, the men did not propose to stand this infringement on their territory if they could help it.

In one case of this kind in New York city the male clerks first demurred and carried the report of their resolution to their employer, who had engaged what they derisively termed the "woman prescription." Ultimately they all refused to work unless the young woman was discharged.

The woman in question was young, courageous and capable. When the proprietor told her, she promptly replied that she hoped to stay if he were satisfied with her accuracy in filling prescriptions. She remained. The men, feeling that they must act up to the requirements of their joint resolution, all left. Their places were filled without the least trouble, and the proprietor found the "woman prescription" such a valuable thing that he secured it as his patent right by marrying the girl. He now has a faithful and competent partner as well as a first class prescription clerk.—Home Magazine.

About Summer Diet.

A physician who has reduced the science of health to a system of diet and exercise, with abundant bathing, declares that no meats, excepting lamb and chicken, should be eaten in hot weather, to which list, however, he adds fresh fish. Certain it is that much meat is unnecessary for even laboring men with the mercury among the nineties. The lazy West Indian negro grows fat on conchus and bananas, the East Indian only tolls off a day long on his rations of rice. The hardy Arab conquered the world on a diet of dates and barley bread and ceased to be the terror of Europe only when he found such fare too simple for his taste. Cereals and milk for breakfast, bread and eggs with fruit for luncheon, soup and vegetables, with little or no meat, and a salad, may be the chief of the summer diet, in which there is sufficient nutriment. Oatmeal as a cereal is too heating to the blood to be advised. In fact, heavy workers, such as farmers, are alone the people for whom a steady diet of oatmeal is wholesome.

—James Riley in Yonkers Statesman.

THE COST OF A SONG.

Over and over and over the songs of our life are sung.

The same today as in ages, gray when first the lute was strung.

The same to-day as in ages, gray when the singer's highest art

is to sing of man and the soul of man from the depth of the human heart.

To sing the song that lingers in his heart from that far day.

When men were brave and women fair and life

was in its May.

Is the singer's part of gladness when he gives his soul to man.

Is a song that livens because sweet pain has chang-

ed his earlier plan.

The lute, the harvest, and the bin and all life's spreading plain.

To the singer must be singing if he man's soul would gain.

Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for what cannot be;

He grasps at a star and holds in his hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the towns of time were old;

Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the sun its gold.

Over and over and over, since the line of our lives began.

Has man gone out from the marching host to sing of the soul of man.

The singer who sang of the pyramid's prime has

gone the ways of men,

But the sun and moon and human heart are just the same as then.

The heart of man is a restless sea of varied stars and climes,

And only when the depths are stirred comes song on the shores of time.

Over and over and over, since wrong had realm and state;

Over and over and over, since the shades on the living waste;

Over and over and over, singing of sun in the rain,

The chosen of God are bringing the voice of song from pain.

—James Riley in Yonkers Statesman.

THE ROOKIES.

A TALE OF WAR.

"Holy gorillas!" exclaimed the major looking askance at the file of rookies who had just halted in a ragged line before him. "Is this what I left my stool for? I was tired of that stool, too, but I didn't know what was before me. No, I didn't know!"

The major glanced down the file again and sized them up. First came a pale faced boy in store clothes and a celluloid collar. Beside him stood the huge bulk of a longshoreman, next the nervous, wily frame of a cow puncher, next a fat boy who for all the world might have just stepped out from between the covers of some musty copy of "Pickwick Papers," next a youth with a handsome pair of black eyes and fine frank face, next a lank fellow of twenty odd years with the look and the lean of a mountaineer, next—

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the major. "An Indian, if I'm alive! And this is what I left up against. For heaven's sake, sergeant, take 'em away. Anywhere—yes, to the barracks or to the devil, if you wish; but the next time you bring 'em out have 'em in khaki or I'll go mad."

The sergeant saluted and dragged the batch across the green to what the major had called the barracks. These were six rows of milk white tents perched upon the crest of the greenest of hills, and that day they were silhouetted against the bluest of blue skies and a deep blue sea.

The major stood for a time gazing despondently after the batch, but when he caught sight of the blue sea and sky his face brightened, and with a spring in his steps and a song on his lips he climbed to the hilltop to one side of the camp, sat down on a boulder and gazed seaward. The sun warmed the major's back, the beauty that spread from his back warmed his heart, and soon he stretched out upon the ground with a small stone as a pillow and went to sleep. By and by, how long does not matter, he was awakened by voices and held before him the rookies sitting in a semicircle a little way down the hill. The pale faced boy was speaking.

"He ain't much for looks."

"C'wan," interrupted the longshoreman.

"Did ye mind them harpoons o' his?"

"Did ye mind 'em? I ask ye. Well, ye kin look out for 'em ef, moind ye, plawat Ol' tellin' ye—we gits into onny fightin'."

The cowpuncher opined of the major words too dreadful to print. They were so unusual that even the longshoreman, he of the picturesque verbiage, was shocked into swallowing his quid without a gasp and dropping his pipe.

It was the fat boy's turn, but he only snored. Then the black eyed youth spoke up.

"Tom," he said to the cowpuncher, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "we wouldn't mind your cursing if we could only understand what you said. Won't you say it over again?"

The longshoreman aroused at that,

and stretching his long arm, he grasped the cowpuncher by the collar and asked:

"Was it that little major ye was cussin' in that way? Ef it was, jest ye swallow it. Moind ye, darlin', it's Mike O'Hoollan of the Red, Shitar lone physcats-a-talkin' to ye, moind."

Then Mike dropped the cowpuncher, who fumbled around his hip pocket for a moment and then lay still.

The black eyed youth grasped Mike's hand, and the talk passed to the mountaineer.

"Be he a reveno man?" he asked.

"I've shot at a many a one of 'em, but never met 'em face to face."

The cowpuncher looked gratefully at the mountaineer, and that time his hand lay upon his hip pocket meditatively.

"Rifle?" he asked.

"Yep," said the mountaineer.

A moment of silence, and the major

glanced from one to the other, grunted and rolled over to sleep, with his head resting upon the upturned stomach of the fat boy. This act sent the major into a fit of laughter. He could not get up if he would, so he began to roll down the hill as he had done many a time in his boyhood, and presently he landed against the guy ropes of his own tent in "officers' row." The next time that the major looked upon the file of rookies it was with keen interest.

Now, between the major and this file of rookies came a captain, two lieutenants, the usual complement of sergeants and a corporal or two. Of all these none is of any account in this camp except the first sergeant, because he trained the rookies and made them what they were when they and the major came to a perfect understanding. In the meantime the captain had hit the dust at the stroke of a Mauser bullet, one of the lieutenants had died of fever, and the other one had disappeared. As for the other fellows, no sergeant but a first sergeant is any good for a year, and a corporal—he's good for nothing at all.

This sergeant was named Grimes. How old he was no one but he knew. He was a soldier, though every inch of him, and when the scratch came it was he who played lieutenant to the major. That came about because when the battalion deployed on the morning of that memorable day in the jungle on the banks of Hell river Grimes' company took the center of line. It was then that the sergeant and the major had a tiff.

"Major," said Grimes, "git out o

STON & MAINE B. R.**ASTERN DIVISION**

near Arrangement, In Effect June 24.

is Leave Portsmouth

Boston, 3 10, 7 30, 7 35, 8 15, 10 55, 1 05 a.m., 2 21, 3 05, 5 00, 6 35, 2 25 p.m., Sunday, 3 00, 8 00 p.m., 2 21, 5 00 p.m.

Portland, 9 55, 10 45, 2 45, 5 00, 11 20 p.m., Sunday, 8 30, 10 45, 2 25, 5 00, 11 20 p.m.

Wells Beach, 9 55 a.m., 2 45, 5 22 p.m., Sunday, 8 30 a.m.

Old Orchard and Portland, 9 55, 2 45, 5 22 p.m., Sunday, 8 30, 0 45 a.m.

North Conway, 9 55, 11 15 a.m., 3 00 p.m.

Somersworth, 4 50, 9 45, 9 55, 1 15 a.m., 2 40, 3 00, 5 22, 5 30 p.m., Sunday, 8 30 a.m., 1 30, 5 00 p.m.

Rochester, 9 45, 9 55, 11 15 a.m., 2 40, 4 00, 5 22, 5 30 p.m., Sunday, 5 00 p.m.

Dover, 4 50, 9 45 a.m., 12 25, 2 40, 5 22, 8 52 p.m., Sunday, 8 30, 10 45 p.m., 1 30, 5 00, 8 52 p.m.

North Hampton and Hampton, 7 30, 7 35, 8 15, 11 05 a.m., 1 38, 2 21, 5 00 p.m., Sunday, 8 00 a.m., 2 21, 5 00, 11 35 p.m.

e for Portsmouth

e Boston, 6 00, 7 30, 9 00, 9 40, 10 10, 1 15 a.m., 1 30, 3 15, 3 30, 4 45, 7 00, 1 45 p.m., Sunday, 4 30, 8 30, 9 00 a.m., 6 40, 7 00, 9 45 p.m.

e Portland, 2 00, 9 00 a.m., 12 45, 4 00, 6 00 p.m., Sunday, 2 00, 12 45 p.m.

e North Conway, 7 25, 10 40 a.m., 1 15 p.m.

e Rochester, 7 10, 9 47 a.m., 12 49, 1 30 p.m., Sunday, 7 00 a.m.

e Somersworth, 6 35, 7 32, 10 00 a.m., 1 02, 5 44 p.m., Sunday, 12 30, 12, 6 55 p.m.

e Dover, 6 55, 10 24 a.m., 1 40, 2 25, 6 30, 9 20 p.m., Sunday, 7 30, 1 20, 4 25, 9 20 p.m.

e Hampton, 7 55, 9 22, 11 58 a.m., 1 13, 4 26, 4 59, 6 16 p.m., Sunday, 1 28, 10 06 a.m., 8 09 p.m.

e North Hampton, 8 09, 9 28, 12 04 p.m., 2 19, 4 31, 5 05, 6 21 p.m., Sunday, 6 30, 10 12 a.m., 8 15 p.m.

e Greenland, 8 08, 9 35 a.m., 12 10, 1 26, 5 11, 6 27 p.m., Sunday, 6 35, 10 18 a.m., 8 20 p.m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

FORTSMOUTHE BRANCH

as leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

smouth, 8 30 a.m., 12 45, 5 25 p.m.

nland Village, 8 39 a.m., 12 54, 3 p.m.

ingham Junction, 9 07 a.m., 10 17, 8 p.m.

ng, 9 22 a.m., 1 21, 6 14 p.m.

mond, 9 32 a.m., 1 32, 6 25 p.m.

rning leave

ord, 7 45, 10 25 a.m.; 3 30 p.m., chester, 8 30, 11 10 a.m.; 4 20 p.m., mond, 9 10, 11 48 a.m.; 6 02 p.m., 9 22 a.m.; 12 00 p.m.; 5 15 p.m.,ingham Junction, 9 47 a.m., 12 17, 5 p.m.

nland Village, 10 01 a.m., 12 29 p.m.

ains connect at Rockingham Junc-

for Exeter, Ravelin, Lawrence

Boston. Trains connect at Man-

ter and Concord for Plymouth,

sville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury,

port, Vt.; Montreal and the west.

ith Hampton only.

Information given, through tick-

old and baggage checked to all

at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

ark Harbor & Beach R. R.

ve Portsmouth, 7 50, 11 20 a.m., 12 45, 3 07, 4 55, 8 45 p.m.

ve Beach, 6 45, 9 50 a.m., 12 10, 1 25, 4 10, 5 50 p.m.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132GOVERNMENT BOAT,
FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

eaves Navy Yard—8 20, 8 40, 9 10, 10 30, 11 45 a.m., 1 35, 2 00, 3 00, 5 00, 7 45 p.m., 10 00 a.m., Sundays, 10, 15 a.m., 12 15, 12 30 p.m., Fridays, 9 30, 10 36, 11 30 a.m.

eaves Portsmouth—8 30, 8 50, 9 30, 11 45 a.m., 12 15, 14 5, 2 15, 3 30, 5 30, 6 00, 10 00 a.m., Sundays, 12, 15, 12 05, 12 25, 12 45 p.m., Fridays, 10 00, 11 00 a.m., 12 00 p.m., Wednesdays and Saturdays.

We Are Now Receiving Two

Cargos of

RTLAND CEMENT

AND THE

HOFFMAN CEMENT

e only lot of fresh cement in the city

We have the largest stock

and constant shipments en-

sure the newest cements.

A. & A. W. WALKER

187 MARKET ST.

BENSON F. HODGSON, Clerk.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. Hartford . . . Manager.

Tuesday Evening, Sept 24th.

LEST YOU FORGET!
The Forever Favorite Musical
Farce Comedy,Peck's Bad Boy
L. M. Heath . . . Proprietor.

All Laughs! No Cry!

THE BEST ACTING COMPANY!
THE BEST SINGING COMPANY!
THE FUNNIEST COMEDIANS!
THE BEST DANCERS!

Come! Laugh With Us!

Prices—35c, 50c and 75c.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office Wednesday morning, Sept. 21st.

Friday Evening, Sept 27th.

A Stupendous Production of Joseph

LeBrandt's Great Detective Play,

CAUGHT IN
THE WEB
Gorgeous Scenic Display.

EVERY ACT A SENSATION!

Replete with Startling Situations
and Mechanical Effects.

Sparkling Comedy. Thrilling Climaxes.

A Superb Company.

Prices, - 35, 50 and 75 cts

Seats on sale at Music Hall box office Wednesday morning, Sept. 25th.

ONLY FIRST-CLASS

Upholstery and Mattress Work

F. A. Robbins, - - 49 Islington St.

Send me a postal and will call and make

estimates.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Best for the Bowels

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk

Beware of the dealer who tries to sell

"something just as good."

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine

SAFETY PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED and Gold metal box read

Dangerous Substitutions and Imita-

tions. My Druggist, Dr. A. C. C. and

"Relief for Ladies," in letter, he re-

plies, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the druggist a letter and

he said, "I am not responsible for all

the druggists in the city."

"I sent the dr

THE TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "KNOW HOW," enables us to GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
**Shoulder Braces
Supporters
AND
Suspensories**
Always on hand.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

now, as we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE
111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,
BOTTLERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer Tonic, Vanill Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottles of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton

16 Bow Street Portsmouth

**CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR
AND TURFING DONE**

With increased facilities the embankment is again prepared to take charge and keep in order all lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as most be intrusted to his care. He will also be intrusted to the care of the grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do grading and tiling in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf. Orders filled in the respective cemeteries of Portsmouth, and the street lots will be filled with Oliver W. Hailey, corner of Market and Market street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

THE HERALD.

MONDAY, Sept. 28, 1901.

CITY BRIEFS

Foot ball next.

This is the harvest moon.

The moon is ten days old.

The moon will be full again next Saturday.

Livery stables had a rich harvest yesterday.

The golf grounds found many visitors on Sunday.

There was another beautiful sunset on Sunday.

Next Wednesday the day and night will be equal.

Whores repairs your shoes? John Mott, 34 Congress St.

The days have decreased three hours and nine minutes.

According to the almanac, the fall quarter begins on Sunday.

Dry air is predicted for today, by the Old Farmer's almanac.

There was a sunset on Saturday evening that is seldom equalled.

The races at Granite State park this week will attract a large crowd.

There is already a demand for Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Tory Lover."

A Berwick, Me., tub took first prize in the ploway at Dover on Saturday afternoon.

WANTED.—A good, hustling, strong boy. Steady employment. Apply at the Herald office.

When doctors fail, try Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation; invigorates the whole system.

Kingmond and several other trotters from the Maplewood farm have been sent to Louisville.

Takes the burn out; heals the wound; eases the pain. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, the household remedy.

The last regatta of the Portsmouth yacht club will be held on Thursday, Sept. 26th, at 3 o'clock p.m.

For Portsmouth have a foot ball team this fall? There is plenty of material, and a good team would probably secure hearty support.

The fall meeting at Granite State park takes place this week, the 22th, 25th, 26th and 27th. Good racing is promised for every day.

WANTED.—A bright, young lady stenographer. One capable of doing typewriting, and to assist in office work.

Request at Chronicle office.

Gorton's minstrels, a clover organization, which has played a successful business for over sixteen years, will be here in this city very soon.

It's folly to suffer from that horrid plague of the night, itching piles. Donn's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

The electric cars carried many into the country on Sunday, the passengers wishing to take advantage of every favorable day that now remains for the season.

This is the week that the firemen appear. On Thursday occurs the annual parade of the local department and on Friday the state firemen's association will be here.

One of nature's remedies; cannot harm the weakest constitution; never fails to cure summer complaint of young and old. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The annual meeting of the Rockingham county republican club will be held in the probate court room at Exeter at two o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, this week.

There was a baptism at Kittery on Sunday afternoon, of converts of the Pearl street Baptist church of this city. The ceremony was witnessed by quite a number of the members of the Kittery churches and the Portsmouth church.

William H. O. Pollansby, county treasurer, will award an issue of \$35,000 in 3 per cent. coupon bonds of the county, to mature Oct. 1st, 1921, Tuesday noon. This will be a refunding of bonds maturing Oct. 1st and July 1st, 1903, which bear 4 per cent.

That old terror of the motorman, the slippery rail on account of the fallen leaves, now stares the man who runs the car, in the face. It takes a lot of power and a lot of patience to get a car over a hill, where the dead leaves are strewn along the rails and the use of sand is about little.

The dust on Sunday was something very disagreeable. It would be a good idea for the street department to have the sprinklers out early on Sunday morning, when needed as badly as it was on Sunday. The Sabbath is a day when the people have on clothing that they would like to keep looking respect-

able, but it is impossible to do so when every gust of wind half buries one.

There was no occasion for a police court this forenoon.

Many took advantage of the fine weather on Sunday and took long walks into the suburbs.

The Herald has the news gathered and written so that you get all of it fresh and correct.

Several of the Hebrew storekeepers are closed today to celebrate a Jewish feast, Yom Kippur.

The Exeter Golf club plays the Portsmouth Country club a return match at Portsmouth Saturday.

The moon threw a good shadow on Sunday evening and brightened up the old earth in a cheerful way.

The evening services at the North church were resumed on Sunday evening, after the summer vacation.

Peck's Bad Boy with a number of strong special acts will be seen at Music hall on Tuesday evening.

The Good Templars of Rockingham county will hold a district lodge meeting at Exeter this evening, with John J. Bell lodge.

The jurors from Portsmouth for the October term of the supreme court will be drawn at the office of the city clerk next Saturday evening.

The Portsmouth Vets could have walked away with first prize at the Dover muster on Saturday had they been there with their machine.

Portsmouth theatre goers are to have a chance to see the great Chicago and New York production of *Qo Vadis*. It will be given here in its entirety.

Exeter defeated New Hampshire's college at football on Saturday 6 to 0. It is about time that something was done in this city towards placing an eleven on the field.

The state printing commission has issued its first lot of specifications for the new law requiring that the public printing shall be awarded by public bids and contracts.

The evening school at Bliss college opens tonight and the attendance of students will be very encouraging.

Some of the students of this Portsmouth school have secured some excellent positions.

Peck's Bad Boy at Music hall tomorrow evening. This is an old piece that grows more popular. Human nature is always the same and Peck's Bad Boy is full of human nature as it breaks out in youth.

The members of the Portsmouth yacht club held their clambake at Clark's island on Sunday and had a very pleasant and quiet outing. The boat was well attended by the members of the organization.

The services at the Middle Street Baptist church were well attended on Sunday morning, when the pastor took his subject, "The Three Great Epochs in American History," in reference to the assassinations of our presidents.

The friends of the Young Men's Christian association are active towards the erection of the new building. In the yard of the building on Congress street has been placed a sign that has an encouraging tone to it. Stop and look at it when you pass.

Travel over the Portsmouth, Kittery and York street railway was quite heavy on Sunday. Many of the passengers went through to York beach and the trip was a very pleasant one. There was a warm off shore breeze and the air was clear and bracing.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

The friends of the Young Men's Christian association are active towards the erection of the new building. In the yard of the building on Congress street has been placed a sign that has an encouraging tone to it. Stop and look at it when you pass.

Travel over the Portsmouth, Kittery and York street railway was quite heavy on Sunday. Many of the passengers went through to York beach and the trip was a very pleasant one. There was a warm off shore breeze and the air was clear and bracing.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.

It is earnestly hoped by all lovers of football in this city that the players will all pull together this year and form a team that will play good, fast and clean football. There are plenty of first class players in the city, and if they would all get together an exceptionally strong team would be the outcome.